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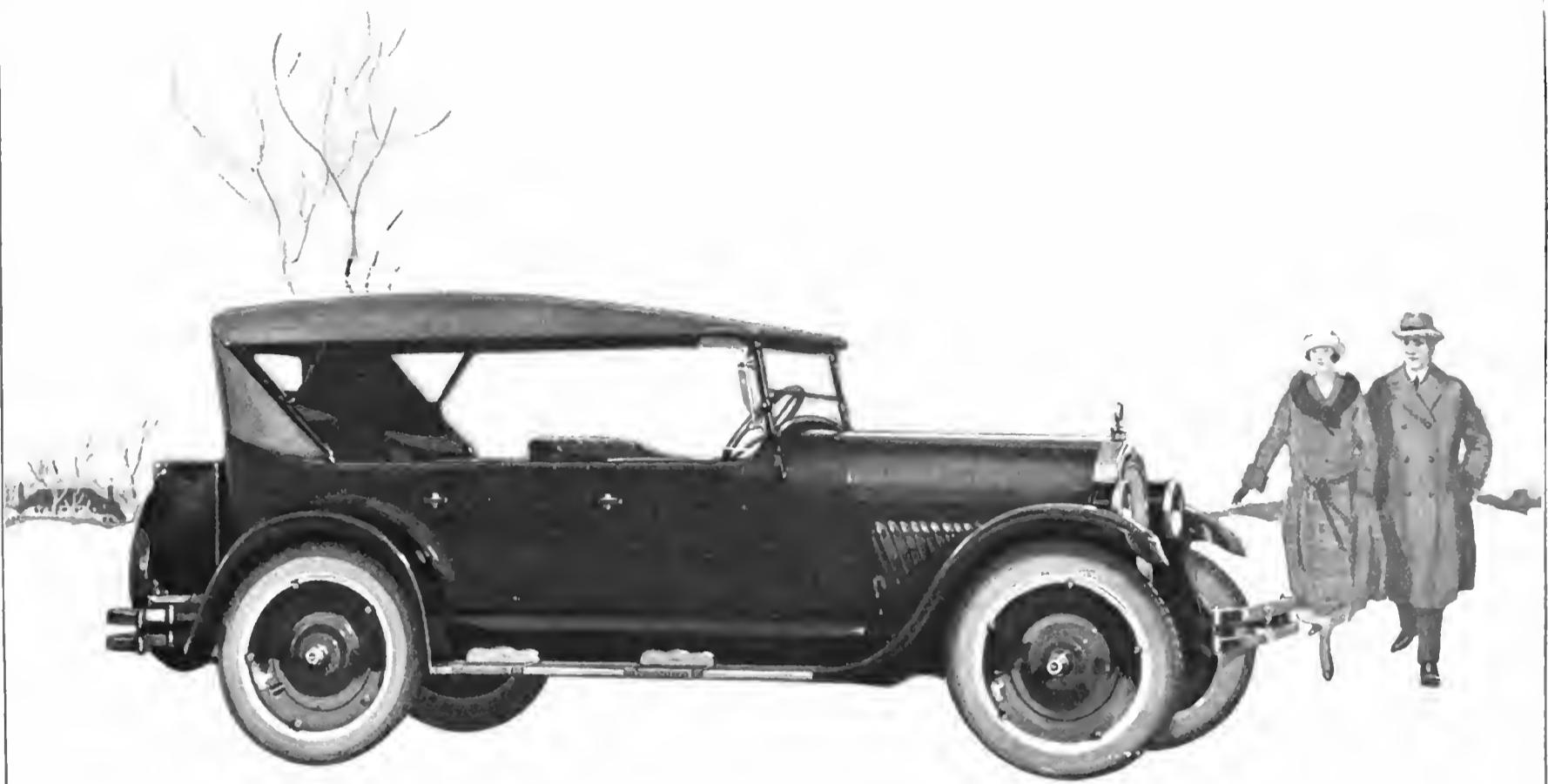
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

BUSINESS
MEN'S
LUNCH



And So We Meddle in Mexico

By George Creel



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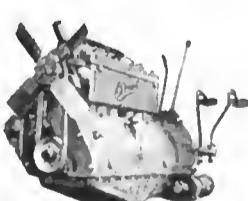
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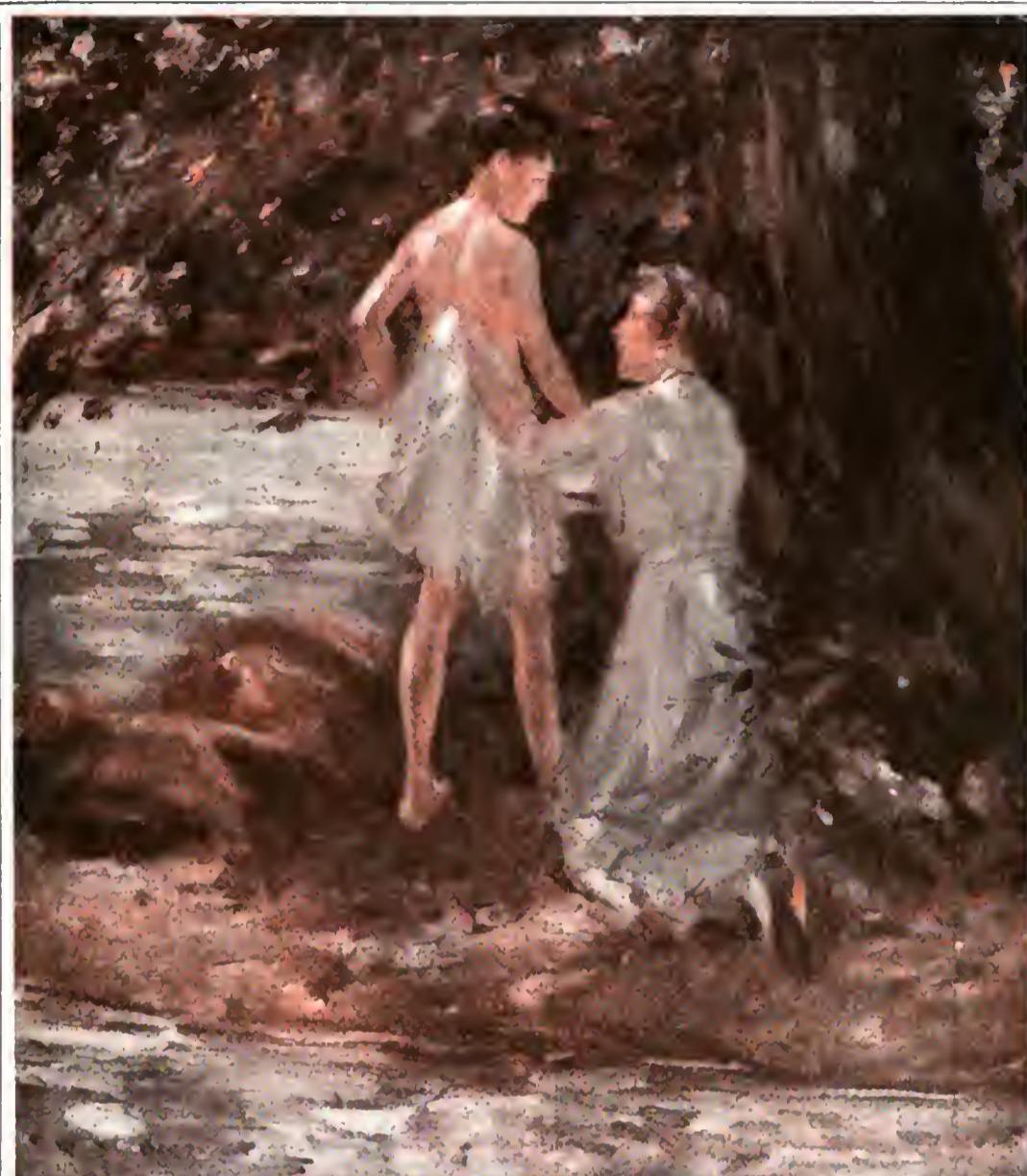
HE sat on a chunk of driftwood under a willow on the point and watched Chicky Gibbons fishing off the dock. No one was there with Chicky, but his mother wasn't nervous, even though he couldn't swim either. She said if he ever had to she hoped he'd make out to, and meanwhile she believed in letting a boy alone. Chicky must be at the Inn for meals, but could do what he liked between times. He could stay up till ten and hunt night crawlers in the garden with a lantern. It didn't matter how muddy he got his shoes if he scraped them off.

He had a tin can full of crawlers now. If Julian were there, he would give him some. But if Julian were watching within earshot, and he saw him, he would probably holler insults because Julian couldn't come out. The point was too far from the dock for any but the loudest of hollering to carry, and Julian had reached it by a furtive detour and was hidden behind the willow.

The morning was great for fishing. All the sky was gray and rainy, with clouds against the hill across the lake. The water was smooth except for a gentle memory of waves that made the dock's reflection toss and slide. The dock, to Julian, was paradise to a soul in purgatory, paradise patterned of spiles and timbers, and the pole they hoisted the cheesebox on to flag the steamboat in, and the long hewn logs that slanted down to break the winter ice—and Chicky with his rod at the end of the platform where perch would bite.

They were biting, too. The rod kept jerking up as he tried to hook them. Every few minutes it bent, and one wriggled in the air and danced at his feet. They were small, looked like minnows from Julian's distance, but Julian took no comfort in the sour grapes of that. Already he had seen Chicky catch five and put them in the water on a string.

There was no use in asking "Mother" to let you fish with Chicky. She would say "Certainly not," in that voice of hers, without looking up from her book. Should you plead even briefly and promise to be careful she would sigh, not to you but to heaven, "Oh, I can't be tried so," and rather than worry lest you disobey her—not that you ever did—she would have you stay on the porch for the rest of the morning, very likely, and then if you made a sound she would shudder and reach for the cologne.



"Petticoats were made before towels, I guess. You're blue, and your chin's a-choppering"

JULIAN

By Harry Esty Dounce

Illustrated by W. B. King

As he thought of it his heels kicked and scuffed in the pebbly shale. They had dug down to muddy wet grit that was smearing his stockings. He didn't care. The willow dripped on him, now and then came a patterning of rain; he wouldn't draw his legs in under his rubber coat. Chicky's rubber coat lay on the dock, and, rain or no rain, he fished and let it lie. He could get wet if he wanted to, his mother wouldn't say anything. For Julian, muddy stockings and damp knees were temporary suicide. He might have to go to bed, and then Father was coming to-night and would be complained to. He didn't care. What had he to avoid it for, with Chicky out there fishing?

A DARNED old bird sailed in, bleating, and lit and stood bobbing up and down like a fool. He chuckled a stone to make it go away. Chicky strung a fish, and he moaned aloud: "They have them alive on a string, Fred—I can't

stand that!" The moan was not his, but a vengefully burlesqued quotation.

Then he looked around quickly, afraid he had been heard. The somebody coming along was Mrs. Thurber, a hardy old lady to whose morning constitutional weather made no difference. She had on a sou'wester and a raincoat and goloshes, and, except for some ends of gray hair, she might have been a man, a retired Indian fighter from her nose and chin. He and Chicky called her Old Hyena-Face, giggled it together behind her back.

She stopped and regarded him quizzically. She was always doing that. She was always saying queer dry things to him. He wished she would leave him alone. She chewed a spear of grass and said: "You don't look happy, Bub. What's the main' rift in your lute?"

He was past manners, and answered with glum silence.

"Why ain't you a-fishing with the other young reprobate yonder?"

He kicked out and shale went flying. She chuckled.

"That the way you feel? Don't blame you much. You ain't allowed to, heh?"

From the way she spoke he could tell that she had in mind not fishing only, but "Mother's" never allowing him to do anything. Well, it was none of her business. However you felt toward "Mother" yourself, you resented an outsider's talking about her or sympathizing with you.

He made the reasonable excuse for her: "Aw, she'd let me if I could swim," well knowing that it wasn't true. She wouldn't.

"Then whyn't you learn? Here's you and there's a lake."

"'Cause my father don't want me goin' in only when he's here to go in with me."

This was true, though "Mother" was back of it. But even when Father was there they didn't go in if Julian could help it. At first he had begged to, but after her report of his conduct through the week he was generally in disgrace, and if he wasn't Father was generally preoccupied, and would say: "Not just now, not just now," and brush him away. And then if Father did go in, he had found, it would be to undertake as a joyless duty to give him a swimming lesson—and that was dreadful. He was scared in the water, and Father's patience nowadays was short. Right before Chicky and everybody he would tell him he was ashamed of him.

It was lucky that Chicky was scared in the water and suffered from a father too. They had the shame in common. It was the Achilles heel of the lively bright-eyed Chicky, who was the type that people mean when they say that boys are monkeys; it was why he would play with the downtrodden Julian and not plague him and crow over him continually. Chicky's big jolly father would roar with laughter at Chicky's terrors, and say that when he was a youngster his father threw him in the canal to teach him. Chicky was secretly afraid that some day he would be thrown in.

"I see," said Old Hyena-Face. "I see. Well, Bub, it's your mess o' snakes to kill. I expect you'll have to kill 'em." And she went on, leaving him wondering what offensive thing she could have meant.

Presently he grew crawlly in the stummick, watching Chicky on a ticklish adventure. Rod in hand, Chicky stepped on the ice-breaker log and



walked it, balancing carefully, down to the heads of the spiles that held it. Julian knew what he was after. One blissful morning, with their fathers looking on, they had fished off the dock together, and under that log, farther out than they could drop their baits, they had seen a big bass. Since then Chicky had seen him more than once in the same place. Julian hadn't fished since then. That had been the morning when "Mother," dragging herself down from the cottage to find out why Father was neglecting her, had discovered that her sensibilities couldn't "stand" live fish on a string.

CHICKY was trying for that big fellow. Would he catch him? Julian had day-dreamed of catching him. Chicky had a bite, and looked at his bait and threw it in again. He had another bite. This time, Julian judged, the bait was gone, and he needed more, for he straightened up excitedly and turned to walk back up the log.

Then came a scream as the log's reflection shattered into a splash.

Julian toiled hard to run fast, and did, and he thought he barely moved. But he thought he was yelling, and it was a weak *wuh, wuh*, like a new baby's. Chicky bobbed up and screamed and thrashed, and stopped screaming, but went on thrashing.

A man was coming running from the ice house beyond the dock. Others were coming from the Inn. Julian got there first. In a happier summer he had been shown how to handle oars; he flung himself on the nearest heavy skiff and couldn't budge it. He could only make it rock and grind the shale.

Sobbing, he caught up an oar to throw to Chicky. But the man was on the dock ahead of him and was shouting: "Hurray! Good lad!" and Julian let out a wheezy hallelujah of his own, now seeing that Chicky was

The first odd thing he noticed was that "Mother" was sitting down, was all in a heap in the grass like a little girl. The next was, she was boo-hooing

who received the great news with a "Well, well, well," and beamed on a torrent of details. Julian was waiting on the approach to the dock. He was there because he had to be.

Father came looking about and striding rapidly. "Where's Mother?"

"She's got a headache. She didn't feel like coming down," she said.

"A headache? Have you been annoying her? You have, I suppose," said Father, and left him behind to follow or not as he would. And he was overtaken by the exuberant Gibbons family, and Chicky's father boomed at him: "Hullo there, how are you? This true what this fellow says, that he can swim?" And as they passed him he gathered that Chicky was to prove it in the morning, and could henceforth go out in a rowboat alone, and—

HE ate little supper. He slouched on his plate and was spoken to for that, while sounds of jollity pealed from the Gibbons table. Afterward, at the cottage, came inquisition. His misdeeds of the week were told over, black crimes, such as getting his best pants grass stained, clumping upstairs in his heavy shoes, harboring a turtle in his pocket. He didn't offer excuses, didn't say: "I didn't mean to." What was the good? He hung his head and managed not to gulp; he presented, in short, a picture of ten-year-old sullenness. No penalties were imposed, but it never was the penalties he minded as much as Father's look and tone, a stranger's look and tone.

"Why can't you be considerate of Mother? I don't know what we're going to do . . ."

At the end he was made to go in to her and say that he was sorry, and would try to be considerate in future. She said something, wearily, and he came out and stumbled away toward the barn, where the Jerseys were standing after milking, and sat down on a rock, and wondered why things had to be like this.

He didn't cry. He didn't think how pathetic he was, because nobody he was fond of had ever set him an example of that sort of thinking. He didn't sigh for his real mother, because he remembered her only as a faint voice talking to him out of a bed, in a time of hush and women in white dresses and doctors' visits. That had been long ago. He had been too small to know and be sad. All that was plain of developments since was that everything had been all right until this one, this "Mother"—it was worse than castor oil to him to have to call her so—had come back from somewhere and taken up Father's attention; and finally he, Julian, had carried a prayer book up an aisle to music, and everything he began to be all wrong.

Why?

Old Hyena-Face could have told him. At least she could have told him that Father was unhappier than he was, and had people's sympathy—or would have had except for their opinion that Father was foolish to take "Mother's" nerves to heart so, and rather worse than foolish to let them oppress the boy.

Old Hyena-Face could have explained that "Mother" was an only child in a family given to nerves and to pretensions, and had been engaged to Father when both had been young, but had decided she would rather be a prima donna, so that she had gone abroad and he had married some one else.

And that after years of family brag of her progress in singing, and how she was going to make her début in grand opera next season and Farrar and Galli-Curci and others would have to take back seats, it had turned out that impresarios (Continued on page 30)

clinging to the bathing steps, actually trying to climb.

The man—it was Peter the boatman—hoisted Chicky on to the platform. He gasped and spewed water while Julian stared in awe. "You're all right, don't cry," said Peter, doing Chicky gross injustice; he wasn't crying and had no intention of crying. As soon as his bellows were cleared he began to blow: "I can swim! I can swim!"

Julian heard the words, but for the moment they didn't mean much. It hadn't occurred to him that Chicky had not fallen in within reach of the steps. "I can swim! I was swimmin'! Hey, Jule!—ja see me swim?"

Immediately Julian was crowded aside as the dock filled with voluble people. Chicky's mother came, bustling and puffing, her plump face white for once, and grabbed her streaming offspring and shook him and hugged him and said good land, how he'd frightened her, and not to do it again, and everybody pressed around them, and through the hubbub shrilled Chicky's voice: "I can swim, Ma! Ma! Say, Ma, I can swim! I swum! Ask Peter, Ma!—didn't I, Peter?" And Peter bore him out: "Yes'm, he musta swum ten, twelve foot, Mis' Gibbons." And everybody exclaimed at it and said it was a mercy, and his mother said how proud his Pa would be.

And when Julian, lingering unnoticed, heard that he really took it in.

THERE was no more scolding for the hero. They were all proud of him, apparently. He strutted up to the Inn at the head of a grown-up triumphal procession, ceaselessly telling a congratulatory world that he could swim. Luck was with him even to his sunken rod, for the line had caught on a splinter of the log, and Peter went out in a boat and fished it up for him.

Julian drifted off to the shelter of the gate house and tried to clean his stockings with leaves. He couldn't see them very well, and he had a lump to choke on. Peter came along with the rod and bawled, with genial intent: "You'd ought to learn to swim too, naow—don't want to let him git ahead of yel'" Old Hyena-Face came along and wrinkled her nose at him. After a while the dinner bell was rung, and he had to go up.

His escape from being ordered to bed was a doubtful blessing. He knew what to expect from Chicky, and got it promptly. Chicky in his elation was a comrade and a brother until he had to crow and flap his wings.

"Betcha you wouldn'ta swum if you'd fell in like I did, Jule! Betcha you wouldn'ta known what to do—betcha you'da hollered—"

"You hollered," he said.

"I did not! Well, s'posen I did at first! I guess I was surprised. I guess anybody'd be surprised and holler if they'd fall in with their close on; I guess the champeen swimmer of the world would be surprised and holler! But what'd I do then? I kep' cool! I says to myself: 'Well, got to swim,' and struck out and swum as *ea-syl* You wouldn'ta kep' cool—"

"I would."

"You would not! You'da went on hollerin' and went plunk like an old stone! You'd—"

People were listening to them. He was sure they were grinning at him. "Aw, you can't do it again," he said as stoutly as he could.

"I can't huh? I betcha million dollars I can! I will now if you will—come on!"

But Chicky's mother interposed a veto, and under cover of it he disappeared.

The six o'clock boat brought the fathers. Chicky capered around his

And So We Meddle in Mexico

By George Creel

"We have always meddled in Mexico," says Mr. Creel. Lincoln did it. Wilson did it. Mr. Creel believes that we are right in selling arms to Obregon. He knows well the leading figures in Mexico, and has just completed a history of that country. He tells here why our own selfish interests lie with peace in Mexico, but our meddling must not be selfish.

A FEW weeks ago, plain reporters and special correspondents were hurrying across the Rio Grande to record the progress of a "new Mexican revolution" that was neither new nor a revolution. Even the most casual inspection revealed the uprising of Adolfo de la Huerta as another cuartelazo—a purely military insurrection—following in detail the formula prescribed by Santa Anna as far back as 1828, and developed into routine by every politician with money enough to bribe the professional soldier class.

The decision of the United States to sell arms and munitions to the Mexican Government was received by the newspapers as a new policy, as dangerous as novel. Instead of being new, the act was nothing more than the restoration of a course of conduct first adopted by Abraham Lincoln, and followed by every succeeding president unfortunate enough to be faced by a crisis in Mexican affairs. What Secretary Hughes has finally had the vision to see is what was seen by Lincoln, Grant, Taft, and Wilson—the unpleasant truth that stable government in Mexico is of as much concern to the United States as it is to the Mexicans.

It is, after all, only an arbitrary line that divides the two republics, and where destinies are so closely interwoven, it is idle to assume that the anarchy of the one will not affect the order of the other. There is, however, more to it than personal concern for border safety and the lives and property of nationals, for the Monroe Doctrine itself puts the United States in full partnership not only with Mexico, but every other Latin-American country as well. No longer do foreign powers regard that historic policy as an "international impertinence," but while blandly acknowledging our rights in the matter, they declare that these same rights carry certain definite obligations. "If," they say, "we are not to be allowed to deal directly and decisively with Latin-American republics in securing redress for provable wrongs, then we insist that you assume full responsibility for the right behavior of these republics."

What Do You Mean—Meddling?

WHAT if Mexico falls into a state of chronic anarchy? What if there is a return to the old chaos, when the "army" named presidents, deposing and killing whenever some other "general" arose with more ingenious plans for loot? Either a clamor will arise for intervention—a course absolutely repugnant to the majority, but which may be forced by a succession of bloody outrages—or foreign powers, with equal stake in Mexico, will refuse to continue passive and acquiescent. If they unite in the declaration: "Either restore order



or we will," what will be the policy of the United States?

Abraham Lincoln faced this danger in 1861 when Great Britain, France, and Spain joined arms for the invasion of Mexico. The Civil War tied Lincoln's hands at the time, but after Appomattox he forced withdrawal under threat of hostilities, and Grant followed by pouring men and arms into Mexico for the stabilization of the government of Benito Juarez, who seemed to be the choice of the people. What was that but meddling?

In 1911, when Madero rose against Diaz, Taft attempted to rally to the aid of what he considered "constitutional government." The entire American army was mobilized on the Rio Grande by way of frightening the rebels into submission, but when it was seen that the Diaz Government rested on time-crumbled, graft-rotted foundations, Taft cautiously withdrew and adopted the policy of "watchful waiting" for which Wilson was to be so brutally censured.

Woodrow Wilson, coming to the presidency, found drunken Huerta fighting desperately to hold the power gained by assassination. A whole people seethed in revolt against his bloody dictatorship, and Great Britain and the Continental powers were bitterly protesting the murder of nationals. Wilson destroyed Huerta by refusing to recognize a government based on "treachery and violence," and put the full moral force of the United States behind Carranza as the leader most likely to restore rule of law and order. The Carranza administration, like that of Diaz, fell to pieces of its own weight, but even though peace came quickly, Wilson refused recognition to the new administration until it should prove stability and give pledges with respect to international obligations.

The United States has always "meddled," if one wishes to call it that, in every Mexican crisis, and it will continue to meddle, for the very good reason that it cannot help it. Recognition and nonrecognition in themselves are



President Obregon (right) addressing loyal troops just before the fight at Apizaco, near the capital. The young man under the straw hat is Adolfo de la Huerta, leader of the insurrection

Wide World Photos

meddling of the most potent kind, for such is our power in the scale of Mexican affairs that our favor or our disfavor can confirm or destroy. When President Harding took office in 1921, there was a public announcement that President Obregon would not be recognized until he signed on the dotted line, but in May, 1923, two American commissioners journeyed to the City of Mexico to discuss and remove every misunderstanding in the way of friendly relations. What worked the change? The story is the story of the De la Huerta uprising and the present Coolidge policy.

Three Real Friends

FROM the day that he took office in December, 1920, the administration of Alvaro Obregon was richer in hope than any since that of Benito Juarez. It was not only that Obregon himself had strength and honesty and pure purpose, but—even greater importance—his administration was a coalition, a combination of political and moral forces. At his right hand stood Elias Plutarco Calles as Secretary of Gobernacion, and at his left was Adolfo de la Huerta as Secretary of the Treasury. These were the three towering figures in Mexican public life, and their alliance gave a larger promise of stability than the country had ever known.

It was even more than a political alliance, for all three were natives of Sonora and had grown up together. Youthful friendship was strengthened by common perils and identical ideals, for they were the controlling forces in Sonora during the Madero régime, and first to take the field against Huerta, the assassin. When Obregon declared himself for the presidency in 1919, Calles and De la Huerta were his most loyal supporters, and led the protest against Carranza for his gross misuse of government funds in behalf of Bonillas. It was De la Huerta that defied the president, and even as Carranza prepared to send troops into Sonora, Calles re-

signed his cabinet position and took the field at the head of a citizen army.

With Carranza dead, every one expected the usual brawls and discords, but what followed was an amazing harmony of purpose that brought peace and order and hope. Maintaining their alliance, the "Triumphant Trio," as they were called, put up a solid front against turbulence, and Calles, waiving his own proper claims, put forward De la Huerta as the candidate for provisional president. Moreover, he accepted the post of Secretary of War in his Cabinet, and threw the full force of his powerful personality behind the interim administration. The presidential election, held in the summer, was marked by the fact that no soldier was at or near the polling places, the day passing without an arrest. Alvaro Obregon was virtually the unanimous choice of the people, and his first act was to name Calles as Secretary of Gobernacion—a peculiarly Mexican combination of vice president, secretary of the interior, and general manager—and to put De la Huerta in as Secretary of the Treasury.

During various visits to Mexico, the thing that most impressed me was the ardent and enduring quality of the friendship that seemed to bind the three men. As they recalled disastrous treacheries of the past, they drew closer together as if to challenge the fates. Never was there a trio that gave such appearance of admirable balance, for Obregon had every solid quality, Calles possessed organizing genius and indomitable purpose, and De la Huerta supplied the necessary emotionalism.

Equal justice and education, the demobilization of the army, great agricultural and industrial programs—these were ancient dreams—but with the strength given by unity, the triumvirate commenced to make the dreams come true. Each year saw larger reductions in the size of the army and larger appropriations for schools. People were put back on the

land, courts were reformed, taxation was more equitably distributed, and from border to border there was peace and progress. Hand in hand with domestic reform went the restoration of international amities. De la Huerta, sent to New York, arranged a settlement with respect to Mexico's debt, and the nations of the world were invited to join in claims commissions that would determine the damages for which Mexico was justly liable. In plain, explicit phrase, President Obregon accepted full liability for every honest obligation and also made clear his policy regarding foreign investments.

"We stand to-day," he said, "on the principle that the natural resources of a nation belong to the nation. Never again will the people of Mexico tolerate a government that does not support this principle. By no means does this imply a hermit-nation policy. Mexico is not so foolish as to think that she can live alone or work alone, nor is any such wish in her heart; but what Mexico will ask is a fair partnership in development. We are through forever with the policy of gift, graft, and surrender."

Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico—border States traditionally suspicious of Mexico—commenced to urge recognition, and President Harding and Secretary Hughes were called upon to reconsider the Mexican question in the light of three years of peace and progress. To recognize Obregon entailed the swallowing of Secretary Hughes's original ultimatum, while to withhold recognition would put upon the United States full responsibility for the wrecking of what unprejudiced observers regarded as the one hope of a rehabilitation of Mexico by Mexicans.

Secretary Hughes did not let vanity stand in the way of justice, and in May, 1923, Mr. Charles E. Warren and Judge John Barton Payne were named as a commission to thrash out every point of dispute. From May 4 to August 15 they sat in the City of Mexico, and at the end there was amity and accord and President Coolidge's announcement that recognition would be given.

Nor did the opening of the presidential campaign arouse any of the old alarm, for again the triumvirate presented a united front. Obregon, barred by the Constitution, was not a candidate for reelection and De la Huerta agreed to stand aside in favor of Calles, for all were of the opinion that a bitter campaign must be avoided. At last, after a hundred years, it seemed certain that the unhappy country had managed to evolve public men of sufficient political virtue to put national welfare above selfish ambition.

The Big Three Breaks Up

CALLES resigned from the Cabinet in August to commence his campaign, but almost at once became the target for an insidious propaganda that steadily grew in violence. He was a Bolshevik, a pupil of Lenin, a supporter of the Third International, and if elected, foreign investments would not be permitted to stand in the way of his "program of confiscation." These attacks were accompanied by an equally adroit adulation of De la Huerta as a

safe man, one who would give labor its rights, but no more, a true patriot, but a statesman with sufficient vision to appreciate foreign friendship, etc., etc.

On the face of things it seemed absurd, for De la Huerta had ever been the most radical of the three, his emotionalism making Obregon and Calles seem conservative. In my talks with him he gave the impression of foamy admiration for the Russian experiment without any clear understanding of communistic faith and program. As for Calles, he revealed himself as a radical of the type of La Follette—an ardent champion of the working classes, a hater of militarism—but not in any sense a communist or confiscationist.

The hand of the great landed proprietors was easily seen, and there was also a keen suspicion that foreign influences were not idle, yet no alarm was aroused. It was the old attempt to sow dissension, and while De la Huerta was known to be excitable and ambitious, there was his pledged word not to run, and the weight of many obligations. Stronger and stronger, however, grew the rumor that Don Adolfo was establishing intimate relations with the military clique, the landed class, and certain foreign interests, and these reports received confirmation on September 24 when he resigned from the Cabinet and offered himself as a candidate.

Here, at last, was the break in the alignment—the provision of a rallying

Collier's, The National Weekly, for February 2, 1924

Cruz, and negotiated bargains in treachery. There were few difficulties, for "General" Guadalupe Sanchez, military commander of the Vera Cruz district, was skilled in such matters, having betrayed Carranza to his death in 1920, and scattered all about were "generals" and ex-"generals" with price tags plainly attached. For three years Obregon has been reducing the army, and Calles, in every campaign speech, has stressed the necessity of returning soldiers to civil life. Naturally enough, this policy aroused tremendous bitterness, and the military clique hailed De la Huerta as a savior.

Money is always easy to obtain for Mexican "revolutions" when the government rebelled against is honest. Mexico is rich in oil, minerals, timber, and every natural resource, and a complacent president means millions for foreign concessionaires. Almost overnight De la Huerta's war chest filled to the brim with mysterious funds for munitions and bribes.

Adolfo de la Huerta was frankly committed to a more than friendly attitude to "foreign investors," and if he triumphed there was promise of a return to the days of Diaz, when Mexicans had no rights that other nationalities were bound to respect.

On the other hand, if Obregon managed to retain power, he was sure to find himself increasingly dependent on American loans and the friendship of

gle was between a professional soldier class and the citizenry of the nation. President Obregon's problem was the arming of these citizens as they came forward by thousands to offer their lives in defense of free institutions. His treasury was empty, due to the discharge of debts, and he was without those secret sources from which De la Huerta was able to draw unlimited funds. In his necessity he turned to the United States, and got permission to buy arms from the War Department.

There can be no denial that it is meddling, but, at least, it is meddling in the interest of peace, law, order, justice, and democracy. To have refused Obregon's request would have been to take sides with De la Huerta, no less a meddling, but meddling in the interest of anarchy and militarism.

Mexico's One Hope

WHAT has always deceived the United States is that no distinction has ever been made between the people of Mexico and the professional soldier class of Mexico—between the humble millions that work for a living and the horde of mercenaries that sell their honor for a living. That Mexico has had seventy-three presidents in one hundred years, although Diaz himself ruled thirty, is a favorite American sneer. What has not been understood is that of these scores of governmental changes, only three years were revolutions in the real sense of the word. Miguel Hidalgo in 1810—Benito Juarez in the early sixties—Francisco Madero in 1911—only these were the united uprising of a whole people.

The tragedy of the situation cannot be grasped without some understanding of history. The Mexican people are as decent, peaceful, and law-abiding as any other race on earth. It is their misfortune that conditions have always put them in the power of a turbulent minority devoid of honor and patriotism.

In the first place, the population of Mexico is not homogeneous in any sense, but a topsy-turvy heterogeneity—a mass of little known regional groups. In a population of fifteen million, three million are pure white; about five million are mixed breeds and seven million are pure Indian. Out of a score of distinct tongues, many differing so basically as to possess no more structural connection than English and Chinese, have come more than one hundred dialects.

In the second place, there is the handicap of sheer physical obstacles—long stretches of arid plain and impassable mountain ranges that divide and isolate. Chihuahua knows nothing of Yucatan, and Michoacan might be in another world for all that Coahuila understands.

The one hope of Mexico lies in the development of railroads and the building of schools—two activities entirely dependent on peace and prosperity. This peace and this prosperity cannot come without the aid of the United States, and it is going to call for meddling. There is no way out, and one hope must be that this meddling will be, now and forever, dissociated from every selfish thought, and consecrated to the good of Mexico.



The workers' army, before being equipped with uniforms, drilling in Mexico City

point for every force of greed, discontent, and reaction. Haciendados bitter against Obregon's land policy; concessionaires fearful of Calles, "generals" unwilling to be retired to civil life, grafters kicked out of office—all rallied to the banner of De la Huerta, and almost overnight he became the leader of every force of reaction and stand-patism. Perhaps no one, except Obregon, doubted that revolution was imminent. He could not believe that De la Huerta would hurl his country back into the chaos from which it had emerged so slowly and painfully.

His disillusion was not long delayed. Secretly slipping out of the City of Mexico, De la Huerta went to Vera

Washington. Without financiers and investors standing to win, no matter what the result, they had small cause to worry or wax excited.

President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes, however, were permitted no such complacency. Were De la Huerta to succeed, it meant Mexico's return to chaos, the horrors of prolonged civil war, and a new demoralization of the people. On the other hand, if Obregon could retain power, it meant the consolidation of democratic gains and new life to national hopes.

From the very announcement of his rebellion De la Huerta was faced by the bitter antagonism of the masses, and each day made it clearer that the strug-



Mademoiselle Sylvia turned and almost bumped into the bear. "Woof!" he said pleasantly. "Eeeeeee!" said Mademoiselle

The Gauze Fluffer

By William Slavens McNutt

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

PAT MAHONEY stood in the wings beside the stage manager and stared admiringly at the strangely moving figure of Mademoiselle Sylvia. Backed and flanked by a canvas counterfeit of a deep wood in the verdant flush of full spring and more immediately enveloped by voluminous folds of gauzy stuff which had the appearance of being a fine grade of cheesecloth, Mademoiselle Sylvia was doing a highly complicated Daily Dozen in more or less time to the music made by the Elite Theatre Orchestra.

A placard placed on a sort of easel near the proscenium arch informed the audience that the sum total of the routine of dippings and skippings and jumpings through which Mademoiselle was putting her slender and slightly clad person represented "The Birth of Love." It may be that the movements and the music combined to portray the event described to the imagination of those having souls attuned to higher things. Certainly the Elite audience would have felt just the same about the matter had the card said that Mademoiselle was dancing "The Death of the Devil's Darning Needle" or "The Last Dive of the Dying Duck." The audience didn't know what it was all about, and beyond hoping that it wouldn't last long, they didn't care.

"She's class, ain't she?" said Pat admiringly.

The stage manager stared at him. "What are you trying to do, kid me?" he asked in an unfriendly tone.

"No, I'm not trying to kid you," said Mahoney, nettled. "I'm telling you something. I said the young lady out there has class, and that goes."

"That's your story," said the stage manager. "Now listen to mine. I've seen many a gauze fluffer in my time, and I've never seen one yet that was

any good. Some are bad and some are worse. That dame out there now, picking her feet up and putting them down, is the worst. You call her a young lady. I ain't going to quarrel with you about her being a lady, 'cause that's more or less a matter of opinion, anyhow. But she ain't young. None of them gauze fluffers is ever young. They're born old. And class! Say, if you think she's got class, come on out in the alley and maybe I can sell you my old 1915 Ford car for a this year's model Rolls-Royce limousine. She ain't young, and she's maybe a lady, though I doubt it, and there ain't any class to her."

"You're a liar," said Mahoney hotly. "Say," said the stage manager, "that's a fighting word around here."

"Is it?" said Mahoney. "Then let's fight!"

HE smacked the stage manager on the nose, and the stage manager retaliated by pasting him in the eye. They clinched then and fell to the floor and rolled over and over. By this time other performers and stage hands were rushing toward them. Before anyone could reach the struggling pair they had stumbled erect, swayed, tumbled, and banged hard against the cage containing Professor Tomaselli's trained bear. The door of the cage was closed and bolted, but not locked. The jar of the fighting pair falling against the framework loosened the bolt, and when they rolled away from the cage the door came open.

"Woof!" said the big brown occupant in a pleased tone and walked out.

The performers and stage hands who had been approaching with the idea of stopping the fight turned and went rapidly away from there, not caring a whoop in a heavy thunderstorm

whether the fighting was ever stopped or not.

"Woof!" the big brown bear repeated and ambled leisurely over to sniff at the two squirming forms that were performing so strangely. The stage manager, fighting one hand loose, made a wild grab to get Mahoney by the hair, and grabbed the bear by the nose instead.

"Yow!" cried the stage manager. "Leave go!"

Mahoney heard the yell and felt the fight go out of his adversary's body. Naturally, he supposed that his own efforts were responsible.

"I got you now!" he shouted savagely.

He shook himself free and sprang up half crouching, intending to plunge in with a finishing punch, but the stage manager did not stay where Pat left him. He wasn't an active man, but he went away from there with a remarkable burst of speed. In a fraction of a second he was well up a ladder leading to the flies and wondering what detained Mahoney.

At about the same moment Mahoney, looking furiously about to see what had become of the stage manager, peeked into the eyes and mouth of the bear that had spoiled the fight. The bear's eyes were less than a foot from Mahoney's face; the bear's mouth was open, and Mahoney noted that the revealed teeth were long and yellow and capable looking.

"Woof!" said the bear once more.

Mr. Mahoney said nothing. Action was his answer to the bear's remark, and in no time at all Mr. Mahoney stood on the ladder just below his late opponent's feet and longed loudly for an immediate higher position in life. "Move up, will you?" he wailed. "Bejabbers, he can jump this high!"

"Is he mean?" the stage manager asked.

"I don't know!" said Mahoney. "And, what's more, I don't want to find out. Move up, will you?"

JUST at this moment the orchestra stopped playing, and two or three people in the audience applauded enthusiastically. Mademoiselle Sylvia's act was at an end. She came off, bowing her way backward until she reached the wings and then turned around and almost bumped face on into the big brown bear.

"Woof!" said the bear pleasantly. "Eeeeeee!" said Mademoiselle Sylvia and crumpled up in a faint.

"Oh, Lord!" said Pat Mahoney and, loosening his hold on the ladder, leaped to the floor.

"Woof!" said the bear, facing him. "Scat you!" said Mahoney, advancing on him with his fists up. "Get out! Beat it!"

"Woof!" said the bear. Mahoney said a little prayer in his mind and smacked the bear on the nose with a left jab.

"Woof!" said the bear aggrievedly, backing up. "Woof! Woof! Woof!"

He shook his head pathetically, ambled dejectedly to his cage, crawled in and to make absolutely sure that no ill-natured humans would bother him further, caught the door with one paw and slammed it shut after him.

"Woof," he said spiritlessly as a parting tribute to the conversation. "Woof."

"Hey, you!" the stage manager called to Mahoney. "Get a move on! They're playing your stuff."

Mahoney saw that some other performers were caring for Mademoiselle Sylvia, and he cocked his hat on one side of his head, shook himself into his stage personality, and went humming

I'll Be Frank, Even If You Fire Me

A Congressman's Open Letter to a Voter—By Labert St. Clair

MR. JOHN SMITH,
Main Street, U. S. A.

MY DEAR MR. SMITH:

I HAVE just read with great interest and appreciation the open letter which you recently so kindly addressed to me through the pages of Collier's:

Your advice, I gather, was: Be frank and fear not. For that I thank you. I am going to be frank with you, even if it costs me my job.

The fact is, Mr. Smith, the dead horse of responsibility for congressional inefficiency which you left on my doorstep belongs in part to you.

Let's get at the implied subserviency to business first. That impugns my honesty, in a way, and hence it rankles. Of course you didn't say that I took money, but you did intimate that in Congress business men get what they want and the individual is forgotten.

Business men don't get what they want by a whole lot, and if you could have heard their moans and shrieks as I have heard them during the last fifteen years you would know that is true. They come here in droves and, if they make a case, they get what they want. Otherwise they don't. But they get their ideas to us, Mr. Smith. That is the important thing.

Your chief complaint, however, seems to be that I try to get the views of my constituents on public questions. I was sent down here by you and others to do as I gosh-darned please, you say, and you don't see why I bother trying to get the reactions of the folks back home on important public business.

We differ on this situation in two respects. First, I believe that any man who is worth his salt should try to get as many opinions as possible on public questions. Second, instead of sending me down here to do as I pleased because you trusted me, you sent me down here and forgot me because you were too indifferent to the welfare of your country to take further interest in it.

Your letter would leave the impression that you had said, before you learned I was no good: "We're with you, Jim; we trust you. Do as you please." What you really said was:

Smith's open letter to his Congressman, by Earl Derr Biggers, in a recent issue of Collier's, has drawn this reply from Mr. St. Clair, who knows, by many years of personal experience in Washington, what Congressmen are up against, and why.

"Oh, well, we'll elect this poor boob. Let him vote any way he pleases. The country has gone to the dogs, anyhow."

You said that, although you knew I was no good, you voted for me the last time. Why did you do it? Why, as a good citizen, didn't you expose me during the campaign? Don't say you couldn't have done it. You could have. A part of the press, at least, is always glad to jump on us congressmen.

You don't mention what you did on other election days. Have you always voted, or have you played golf? I rather imagine you have golfed. Men who write open letters, saving the country once in fifteen years, often seek the open spaces on Election Day.

You're a Slacker, Mr. Smith

HAVE you considered, Mr. Smith, what an awful slacker to your government you have been since I first came to Congress?

Has it occurred to you that during that period your government has gone through the greatest crisis in its history and that, except for voting for me, you never have lifted a finger to help to guide the old ship of state or to help Congress vote straight and right? If I read your letters right, you sat at home and said:

"That's a rotten gang down at Washington. Big business is running the whole show. I'll bet Jim is getting his, all right. The little fellow has got no chance any more."

I sometimes wonder, Mr. Smith, why it is that men like you take less interest in the welfare of their country than in the health of their hogs. When you hire a veterinary to look after your stock, you keep in pretty close touch with him, don't you? But when your government is engaged in a life-and-death struggle,

you loaf around the pool hall and say: "That damned doctor of ours is no good. What he needs is nerve."

You say that when you think of Congress resuming activities you have a sinking feeling. If you would realize that when Congress convenes it should mean renewed activity for you as well as for us congressmen, you would get more of a thrill out of it. A daily dozen thoughts for the good of your country before going to bed at night and transmission of some of them to your representative oftener than once in fifteen years would make a changed man of you in no time.

I spoke earlier about business men getting their thoughts before us. That, Mr. Smith, is exactly what you and millions of other Smiths do not do.

You Smiths seldom send us a constructive thought about the conduct of government. We get plenty of letters, yes. But what are they? Recommendations for appointments to postmasterships; requests for pensions; suggestions that we dash up to the White House and arrange for the feed-store man's wife to meet the President, and letters of abuse without a single constructive idea in a barrel of them.

Why not a few concrete suggestions on taxation, the bonus, our participation in European affairs, or a dozen other big questions? Just saying I am all wrong is not enough.

When I tell you that I and every other member of Congress gives far more consideration to one "John Smith" letter than he does to a dozen business delegations and resolutions by chambers of commerce, I do not exaggerate. Most of us sincerely desire to know what the folks back home think is best. You call that playing politics, but I do not. Honest members—and there are hundreds of them—sincerely appreciate

frank suggestions and feel that they are doing their duty when they vote these suggestions.

You railed about congressmen eternally running for office. Whose fault is it? Yours, in part. You are responsible for Congress being reelected every two years. How can any man who must face reelection that often do otherwise than campaign most of the time he is in office? If he is going to amount to shucks here, he must remain through several terms. So why not agitate lengthening our terms to four years or more? When that is accomplished you will see less electioneering.

"Stop, Thief!"

INCIDENTALLY, you might see that salaries are raised. We don't dare suggest this ourselves. If we did, a lot of folks like you probably would cry: "Stop, thief!" But every congressman who is trying to live decently on his salary is at his wits' end to make both ends meet. Furthermore, one way to attract good men is to pay good salaries.

Just one more thought. The House as constituted at present is far too large. Instead of 435 members cluttering up the place, there should be not more than 200. With such a membership business could be transacted more expeditiously and capable men would come to the front much faster than they can now under the miserable seniority rule. And that change is one for you to help bring about too. It will come some day, and when it does, get behind it, and don't dismiss it with the statement that this is another attempt of the interests to stamp out representative government.

I said previously that this dead horse of congressional inefficiency belongs to you as well as me. If you now think it does, won't you please scale the high board fence that so long has stood between us and help me remove the carcass? Thanks to your letter, I feel like taking a fresh tail hold. So if you will struggle at the head, maybe we can accomplish something. If we do succeed, the whole neighborhood will benefit.

Cordially yours,
JAMES P. OFFICEHOLDER.



What have you done on election days? Have you always voted, or have you played golf?



Who Shall Spend Your Money?

By Fred C. Kelly

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

THIS article is to deal with the puzzling problem of how to give away money wisely. Whether a man has five hundred dollars or five million, he dislikes the idea that at his death his savings of a lifetime may be foolishly squandered. He perhaps fears that the politicians may take it by means of inheritance taxes and waste it on ill-conceived public enterprises largely for the thinly disguised purpose of perpetuating themselves in office; no more does he wish his own offspring to spend it in riotous living, to the harm of themselves and the annoyance of the public. If he designates a charity as his chief beneficiary, how is he to know that long after his death, under changed conditions, his money may not be less a benefit than a nuisance?

This difficulty of wisely parting from one's wealth forced itself to the attention of a Cleveland bank president, the late Frederick A. Goff. Inasmuch as he had been a highly successful lawyer, dealing with rich clients, and had then become the head of a bank that attracted more depositors than any other financial institution in the city, Mr. Goff was naturally looked upon as wise in money matters and was often consulted in regard to the drawing of wills. One day the banker was impressed more than usual with the stupidity of the average will. It dawned on him that the ability to accumulate a fortune is no indication that its possessor will be capable of wisely giving that fortune away.

The Old Ladies' Snuff Fund

HE wondered how much the harm done by inherited wealth exceeds the good. Most bankers that I ever asked about this said that inheritance is a grand institution in that it keeps large sums of money intact and easily available for industrial enterprises. Mr. Goff would have been classed as a conservative banker, but he determined to find out for himself just what the results of inherited wealth have been. He began a fairly exhaustive investigation in which he traced the history and achievements of a list of families in which riches had been handed down.

He was impressed by the statement of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt that "inherited wealth is a big handicap to happiness, and as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality"; he noted too the remark of Mr. Rockefeller that "the only thing of lasting bene-

Whether you have much or little, how are you going to make sure your money is spent wisely after you are gone? An ordinary will won't do it. And your favorite charity may mean nothing ten years from now. Mr. Kelly tells here about the Community Foundation idea, to which anyone can contribute, and which offers immortality by proxy. Already in Cleveland, with accumulated money which otherwise might have been used to endow wastrels, it has improved the public schools, reduced crime, and increased recreation facilities.

fit to a man is that which he does for himself." In consequence of his investigations, Mr. Goff became convinced that the harm done to future generations by the unwise disposal of money is so great that if social conditions are to improve, wealth must flow in increasing volume to charitable uses.

But merely giving one's money to charity doesn't solve the problem. Any charity that a donor designates is likely sooner or later to become obsolete if not injurious. No scheme of charity is so unerring that it may be counted on to stand the test of time unless modified to suit new conditions.

Even so wise a man as Benjamin Franklin was not farsighted enough to draw up a will that could withstand the lapse of years. He left a fund to be used for loans to "young married artificers under the age of 35 years who have served an apprenticeship in Philadelphia and faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures." Because of changing industrial conditions, there have been few such young married artificers and no loans have been made from the fund since 1885.

There are still funds to redeem captives from the Barbary pirates; to provide snuff for old ladies in districts that were once residential, but now occupied by business blocks; to assist fugitive slaves in the United States; to aid gold prospectors stranded in St. Louis en route to the Far West. An old English parish received an endowment to care for its poor. Less than half a dozen persons now sleep in that parish and none of them are poor. A foundation was established in England to perpetuate the sacred writings of

Joanna Southcott, who planned to give birth to a Messiah, but who failed to live up to the advance notices and died childless.

Vast sums of money lie idle during periods of emergency, such as that following an earthquake, war, or other disaster—simply because we appear to have an almost superstitious fear of departing from the recorded wishes of the dead. A request by a dead man is always taken more seriously than if he were alive. Hence we sit quietly and see money wasted on absurd homes for cats or for old men who can prove that they have never used tobacco. Sir Arthur Hobhouse, in his book, "The Dead Hand," observes: "To me it seems the most extravagant of purposes to say that because a man has been fortunate enough to enjoy a large share of this world's goods in life, he shall therefore and for no other cause—when he must quit this life: when he can enjoy its goods no longer—be entitled to speak from his grave and dictate forever to the living men how that portion of the earth's products shall be spent."

Gladstone in the House of Commons, speaking for a bill providing for the taxation of charities, once said: "Endowed charities often spring from mere vanity and seldom from

self-sacrifice . . . it seems undesirable to spend public money in tempting men to try to immortalize themselves as pious founders."

As Mr. Goff, the banker, thought of the inevitable obsolescence of ordinary endowed charities, he said to himself:

"How fine it would be if a man about to make a will could go to a permanently enduring organization—what Chief Justice Marshall called an 'artificial immortal being'—and say: 'Here is a large sum of money that I shall presently no longer need. I want to leave it to be used for the good of the community, but I have no way of knowing what *will* be the greatest need of the community fifty years from now, or even ten years from now; therefore I place it in *your* hands, because you will be here, you and your successors, throughout the years, to determine what should be done with this sum to make it most useful for people of each succeeding generation.'"

Keeping Money Useful

THUS was born the idea of community trusts—which Colonel Leonard P.

Ayres has called "the most important single contribution of our generation to the art of wise giving"—a new form of disposition of property in a field where it was generally assumed that there



What is to be done with all the money that will be at the disposal of Community Foundations?

was nothing new to discover. Briefly, a community foundation is a flexible plan for the conservation and administration by a trustee of endowment funds received from various sources, to be expended for charitable purposes according to the discretion of a committee representative of the community. In other words, it is a means by which a man may leave money to be usefully administered after his death, without his attempting to boss the job from the grave. The aim is to lessen the evil of the Dead Hand by making property dedicated to a specific charitable purpose available for other uses when the one designated by the donor becomes harmful or obsolete. The idea rests on the sensible theory that the charitable problems of each generation may better be solved by the best minds of these generations than by those of the past. The property of the world belongs to the living rather than to the dead.

Having conceived the idea, Mr. Goff went before the board of trustees of his bank, the Cleveland Trust Company, and asked them to establish the Cleveland Foundation, the first of the community trusts, of which there are now about forty in the United States. As soon as the bank trustees had passed a resolution creating the Cleveland Foundation, Mr. Goff, practicing what he preached, immediately drew up his own will, naming the foundation as his beneficiary. He said nothing about this at the time, and the facts were not learned until after his death several years later.

His will, representing the best thought of a man who had carefully investigated this subject of bequests, makes these provisions: The entire income of the estate goes to his wife during her lifetime. At her death the income is to be distributed in equal portions for the son and two daughters. Each daughter and the son until the age of twenty-five, however, is to receive only the income necessary for education and support; at twenty-five, one-half of his or her share; at thirty, all his share, for life. The son is permitted to invest one-twelfth of the trust estate in a business, provided it is regarded as prudent by the trustee; the investment is to be retained as part of the trust estate. The principal may be used for suitable homes for the three children, but the title remains with the trustee.

The trustee is directed to distribute \$25,000 to each child who shall reach the age of thirty-five. This is the only bequest of principal. There is a provision for distribution of income among possible grandchildren, but never more than \$2,500 a year to any one grandchild. On the death of the last surviving child and grandchild, the entire income as well as the principal goes to the Cleveland Foundation.

What Money May Steal

IT is significant that Mr. Goff did not limit the amount of money to go into the hands of his children because of any fear that they might become typical endowed wastrels. In so far as their characters have shown, their tendency would be toward the exhibition of sound sense to an exceptional degree. They are the kind who would be expected to make decent constructive use of large sums of money.

The son, unknown to the father, got

a place as clerk in the bank of which the father was president, and as he had to be at work before the servants were up, he cooked his own breakfast. One daughter sought and obtained a clerkship in a large grocery of which her father was a trustee and sold rolls over the counter on the same basis as any other employee. Such offspring, I repeat, would presumably not misuse great wealth; and yet the father thought it wise to leave them only a life interest in a part of his estate. He

"such purposes as will make for the mental, moral, and physical improvement of the inhabitants of the city of Cleveland." But the New York Community Trust may use its income to "promote the well-being of mankind and primarily of the inhabitants of the community comprising the city of New York and its vicinity, regardless of race, color, or creed." The other development is to have not merely one but several leading financial institutions as trustees—making it in fact as well

as in name a *community trust*.

When Frederick H. Goff was earning around \$150,000 a year as a corporation lawyer, he agreed to become president of the Cleveland Trust Company at a salary of less than \$15,000 a year. Increases in his salary were always turned over to the Cleveland Foundation.

In a few years the Cleveland Foundation had the income from half a million dollars to spend for the good of the community, and resources in excess of one hundred millions to be received in future years have been pledged in wills. Much of these funds will not be received until the death of children and grandchildren of the donors. But eventually a vast sum will be available.

Now, when an individual or committee is suddenly confronted with plenty of money to spend, with the stipulation that it must go for something worth while, it is by no means an easy task to determine how the money shall be spent. In Cleveland it was Mr. Goff's suggestion that they should do something which, because of lack of funds, or legal and political limitations, no other organization could do.

Somebody proposed that they make an exhaustive survey of conditions and needed remedies to improve the public schools. But to make an inquiry into school conditions was to enter upon perilous ground, for, being a political institution, the school system had powerful friends who would fight against any change.

"Then," said Mr. Goff, "the schools are the very thing that we ought to tackle. Nobody else dares to do it." And so Cleveland's schools have been fairly well removed from political influence.

You Can't Give It Away

THE Cleveland Foundation then turned to a survey of the city's recreational agencies; and hundreds of acres of woodland tracts and park lands were bought up in outlying areas to make a circle almost completely around the city—looking ahead one hundred years.

After the war came the wave of lawlessness, and there was much dissatisfaction and suspicion of the processes of criminal justice. The Cleveland Foundation began a survey of the administration of criminal justice under the direction of a corps of authorities headed by Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard Law School. In consequence Cleveland had a considerable drop in crime, while Buffalo, to the east, and Detroit, to the west, did not.

Thus Cleveland has so far successfully taken advantage of the foundation. But the problem of what to do with the money after they get it is puzzling the disbursing committee in every city that has instituted a community foundation. The Cleveland plan of conducting searching investigations seems to be well-nigh unique. In Boston most of the income from its four-

million-dollar foundation fund has been distributed through the channels of charitable organizations.

At best, however, judiciously giving money away sounds easier than it is. The Charity Commissioners in England, in one of their reports, said:

"We met with charitable foundations everywhere in old urban districts; and everywhere found their operation and tendency to be to create the misery they were intended to relieve, whilst they did not relieve all the misery they created. In Spitalfields they created a population born in charity, nursed in charity, fed in charity its life long, doctored in charity, and, after a wretched life, buried in charity."

In Continental Europe "foundling hospitals appeared to stimulate unchastity, illegitimacy, and infanticide."

It Takes Imagination

AN astonishing difficulty was pointed out to me by Mr. Evans Woollen, president of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company, at Indianapolis.

"The men who are selected to handle the money," he said, "are men who commend themselves because of their success in financial affairs. Now, financial success, as ordinarily interpreted, means capacity for saving money and making it grow rather than for spending it. A successful business man has had little experience at scattering money in directions from which no immediate return is expected. He is not a natural spender."

It has been suggested that what we need now is a few gifted imaginative young spenders.

At any rate, the job of intelligent spending calls for the highest type of imaginative wisdom. Newspapers throughout the United States have carried feature stories about the job that has fallen to Ralph Hayes, who has been made director of the New York Community Trust Fund. Hayes, formerly assistant to Secretary of War Baker, during the war, was assistant for a time to Mr. Goff, author of the foundation idea. The newspaper mentioned that here was a smart young man only twenty-nine years of age with millions of dollars to spend and curious to know what he ought to do with it. These newspaper articles brought in hundreds of letters containing suggestions. There were prisoners in jails who thought the highest use would be to take part of the money to pay their fines. Nearly every correspondent thought of some important personal need of money in sums from a dollar up, for all sorts of purposes. But there was not even one sensible suggestion as to how the money might best be used for the good of the community at large.

I do not wish to give the impression that there isn't plenty to be done. The difficulty is rather in choosing the best. Scores of institutions deserve assistance; much educational work may safely be fostered; there is much scientific and sociological research to be done; people generally have less park space, less music and art than they need. Each city, of course, has its individual problem. Pittsburgh needs sunlight and pure air; Chicago needs to solve its downtown transportation congestion; New York to plan its physical growth. The point is that with the growth of community trust funds, each city blessed with such an income faces a rare opportunity to do something bigger, better, and more imaginative than was ever before within the scope of ordinary charitable possibilities.

Mr. Edward W. Bok might well offer one of his prizes for the best answer to the question: What shall we do with all our money now that we have it?



This is easy. But intelligent spending calls for a high type of imaginative wisdom

did not wish to rob them of the incentive to build for themselves.

The organization of the community trust plan is surprisingly simple. In the original one in Cleveland, the Cleveland Trust Company acts as trustee to receive funds. These funds are disbursed by a board of five, two appointed by the trustees, one by the mayor of the city, one by the Federal judge and one by the probate judge. In the New York Community Trust, ten of the leading banks in the city are associated as trustees—the so-called multiple trusteeship. The committee of distribution consists of eleven members, five appointed by the banks, the other six appointed from outside by persons who may be regarded as representatives of the public, as follows: The president of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, the president of the New York Academy of Medicine, the president of the New York Bar Association, the mayor of the city, the president of the board of trustees of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the senior judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for that district.

In this way the organization is unlike that of the privately established foundation, where the members appoint their successors. Here a majority of the members who shall distribute the funds are appointed from the outside. It is to be noted that one group of men are chiefly concerned with investing and conserving the money while another—the disbursing board—are to see that it is well spent.

Two departures have been made from the original plan. One does away with geographical limitations in the use of the money. The Cleveland Foundation is permitted to expend its income for

SIEGE

By Samuel
Hopkins Adams

Illustrated by
J. Clinton Shepherd

Chapter XI

EXPERIENCE had taught Mr. Samuel Coleson to be least trusting of the Grandante when she seemed most casual. Now she had just advanced a pawn one square when two seemed the obvious move. Mr. Coleson set aside the glass of superior whisky at his elbow the better to concentrate upon the problem presented. He was aware of not being up to his usual form this evening, for he had come to The Rock with a divided mind, and his expectations constantly seduced his attention. What did that apparently ill-considered and wasteful play mean?

"Oh, hell!" said Mr. Coleson in a soft and disillusioned whisper. He had just perceived the future peril to which the pawn's slow progress had exposed his too enterprising knight, but failed to discover any profitable egress from the entanglement. Augusta Ruyland smiled cheerily. She liked to win. Or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that she hated to lose.

The doorbell jangled. The hostess and her visitor looked up.

"That'll be him," Coleson remarked. "Who?" inquired Augusta Ruyland. "Ben."

The beginning of a frown wrinkled the broad space between the Grandante's eyes as Ainsworth entered.

"Evenin', boss," he greeted in his rich voice.

"Don't try to come over me with your soft soap, Ben Ainsworth. I'm not your boss."

THE newcomer ruffled his mustache with the stump of a finger, the rest of which had fed a snappish Ruyland machine years before. "Seems queer, don't it?" he reflected.

"It's your own doings."

"Well, now, about that," began Coleson, but was silenced by the Grandante's hand pointing at him.

"You've come here to talk about the strike, and the chess was only a blind," she accused. "Not with me. Don't think it!" She rose just a bit too abruptly. The stand tilted over, and all the Grandante's careful strategy clattered in ruin to the floor.

"You had me licked, anyway," said the guileful Coleson. "I couldn't 'a' saved the knight."

She had the grace to grin. "Now I know you're up to some devilment, you and Ben. It's no use, boys."

But the two veterans had not dealt with Augusta Ruyland for a quarter of a century without learning strategy. They had planned this visit with care.

"We came to say good-by," announced Ainsworth.

The old lady blinked. "Where are you going?"

"We got another job." This from Coleson.

"Out of Habersham?"

"Yes. The Anson Mills are expanding. They're taking us both on."

That the strategy was working was evident from the dismay which the object of it could not quite keep out



As if by signal, two men dashed to the Grandante's rescue—Frederick's husband and her lover

of her face. It was no part of her plan that these two old-timers should take the decisive step of leaving Habersham. She had intended to keep them on the anxious seat long enough to vindicate her authority, then to take them back with a fine flourish of generosity. They knew this (as, indeed, they were expected to know it), knew, also, what their ex-boss refused to realize, that unless a settlement was reached before Borck returned with his lieutenants, nothing could hold the strikers back from unionizing. While they appreciated its advantages to labor, they didn't really want the union in Habersham; not while they lived and might yet work in the mills. They were too old to take orders from a union. They were too old, in fact, to take orders from anybody but Augusta Ruyland.

She made a great effort. "I don't want you boys to go," she muttered.

"That'll be all right," Coleson assured her, jumping at the opening for which he had hoped. "We got our little plan." He assumed a hard and argumentative air. "Who were the trouble makers in this thing, to begin with? Ben and me, wasn't it?"

The hard tone encountered something harder in the Grandante's scornful "Stuff and nonsense!"

"Well, we got the name of it, anyway," Ainsworth came to his friend's support. "All right. We quit. Morse and Best have gone already. Good riddance to bad rubbish. That Ray girl got a singin' job on the stage, so she says. Markey's on the trail of somethin' in Boston. There's half the original ringleaders, pretty near, out of the way; and now if we go—do you get it?" In his earnestness he had laid two impressive fingers upon the Grandante's knee. She looked at them fixedly, as if in that earnest gesture inhered the clue to what the men were getting at, and they were hurriedly withdrawn.

"No; I don't get it," she murmured.

"Why, we're fired, just as you said we'd be fired; and we're staying fired like you said. You've made good on what you said: that we was out and would stay out. Well, we're takin' our medicine, and we're sayin' so all around the place. Havin' got rid of us, you can afford to take back the rest of the people that went to Borck's meetin'. Shucks! What do they amount to, anyway? That knocks the props out from under the strike, don't it? Don't you believe but what they'll be glad enough to grab at a good excuse to get their jobs back. Understand now?"

Yes, the Grandante understood, all but one point: why were these two aiding her now?

Ainsworth cleared his throat. Coleson tucked his hand into his coat front.

"Chickens," began Ainsworth, "always come home to roost."

"Cast your bread upon the waters," said Coleson piously.

"What do you two fools think you're doing?" demanded the astonished and indignant Grandante, with eyes which, nevertheless, twinkled. "Speaking a piece at me? Talk straight or shut up."

THHEY looked at each other ruefully.

"Maggie chased me here," confessed

Coleson. "She says young Sammy'd never have pulled through that grip but for your turnin' one of your own folks into the public hospital ward so the kid could have his room."

Ainsworth took up the tale of benefits unforget.

"Maybe you remember a scrape," he said shamed-facedly, "when I was a fresh kid, huntin' trouble around town, and found more'n I looked for. If it hadn't been—"

"Oh, that blackmailing wench!" recalled the old lady. "It was no trick to get rid of her."

He shook his head. "Not for you,

maybe. But it saved me runnin' away to sea. So—" said Ben Ainsworth.

"That's why—" said Sam Coleson.

"That's all very well, you boys," said their hostess briskly. "But how about Choral Three? That's just as much responsible for the strike as your foolishness."

"We hear you're buyin' the leasehold," said Coleson.

She scowled. "Where did you hear that?"

"Oh, it's around town. There's lots of talk goin'; mostly lies, I reckon."

"You're right about the leasehold, though," she admitted, tacitly trusting them. "It hasn't gone through yet."

"What's your idea, if you don't mind?"

"I want that property where a few spineless stockholders have nothing further to say about it," she explained viciously.

"If you take it over, it ain't a Company leasehold any more," reflected Coleson.

"All the terms remain in force just the same, though," she pointed out with satisfaction. "I retain the same control the Company had."

"Sure! But we was thinkin', Ben and me; there's never been any holes punched in the Company agreements, has there?"

"No. And there never will be while I'm alive."

"That's the point. As long as it's the Company property, and Choral Three is breakin' the Company rules, nothin' doin'. Aye? But when you take it over and it ain't Company property any more, whatever you do, it don't start nothin'. Do you get me? It don't establish any what-you-call'em."

"Precedent," suggested the Grandante.

"Thank you, boss." Coleson warmed to his subject. "Here we are, then. You get that leasehold and then you



Like a destroying flame
the black wrath of dis-
illusionment rose within
the Grandante

turn right round and give it to Choral Three, like you've always given things to organizations in Habersham, you and your folks. Throw it at their heads. You say to 'em: 'Here's your old clubhouse, free of charge. I'm givin' it to you because I don't need it in my business. That's how much I'm afraid of it and you,' you say."

Low laughter bubbled from the Grandante's throat. "Oh, you pair of innocents! I'll do it just so as not to disappoint you. You shall have your toy! And besides," she added, her shrewd old mind busily scenting all around the project like a bird dog scouting a well-concealed covey, "it's the cheapest and quickest way of ending the strike."

Two great sighs of relief went up. "That's all settled, then," said one of the men.

"Not quite. Are you two boys really quitting Habersham?"

The two boys, whose combined ages went well over the hundred, looked at each other and then at the Grandante in uncertain silence.

"Selling your houses and all that?" she persisted.

"Well—no," admitted Coleson. "Not exactly."

"You see, boss, it's like this," explained Ainsworth, examining a small mole on his wrist with painful concentration. "The Anson people wanted us to come there to help 'em get goin' with the new plant. Kind of temporary, you might say. Of course, after that, if—"

"All right! All right!" chuckled the old lady. "After that, we'll see."

Nothing further was said about it. There was no need. They understood each other, that trio. A quarrel in the family, as it were, best composed with fewest words. She filled up three glasses. They sat there, sipping and gossiping, the two workmen and the

grande dame, three friends, comfortable and content.

Startlingly loud through the quiet house, the old-fashioned doorbell tinkled. Ten-forty by Ben Ainsworth's hastily consulted watch. "Shall I go?" he asked, and went at the Grandante's nod. They heard him at the door, saying: "Why, hello, Jos. What you doin' up so late?" and a thick innumble of reply.

JOSEPHUS entered. He looked flushed and sulky. The two workmen signaled a query: should they go or stand by? Receiving a smiling dismissal, they departed, confident in their friend's ability to take care of herself and the situation.

No sooner had the door closed than she said: "You've been drinking again."

"What if I have? I can talk business, can't I?"

"Business, indeed! What business have you got with me?"

"I want that thousand dollars reward."

The strong tide of color rushed up to her temples. A Ruyland of the blood turned informer. "You dirty sneak!" she pronounced.

"I threw the rock," he said surlily.

Her face cleared. "I beg your pardon, Josephus. That's quite a different matter. You're only a fool; not a blackguard. Do you realize that I can put you in jail for this?"

"You'd never do it. Too stuck on your damn family pride."

"The same can hardly be said of you," she gibed. "And what will you do with the thousand dollars? Drink it up?"

"What's that to you? Do I get the money?"

"Did you ever know me to go back on my word?" she countered.

Seating herself at the desk, she wrote

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out a receipt which was at the same time a confession, and filled in a check. "Sign that," she directed.

When he rose, after obeying, she was standing before him holding the check in her left hand. "You sold your stock to Fredericka Ruyland," she shot at him.

"Didn't," he grunted, taken by surprise. "I sold it to Enderby, if you want to know."

"Take your money."

As he reached for the proffered check her right hand caught him, flat-palmed, flush across the cheek with such hearty good will that a red welt rose.

"Ow!" he cried like a punished schoolboy.

"Get out!" ordered the Grandante.

Josephus got out. The old lady worked her hand back and forth. Little sprangling pains were running through it deliciously. She laughed aloud. She was pleased with life again, was the Grandante. She thrilled like a girl in love to the sense of power and pride and of the doing of fine and potent deeds.

ON the third Tuesday of a stormy April, Augusta Ruyland called at the house of her grandnephew, Ennion, and asked for Ennion's wife. Fredericka came down. She had set her face determinedly in a mold of calm; she even permitted herself a slight smile of welcome, quite successfully formal.

"That's right," approved her visitor. "There's no call for us to scratch each other's eyes out simply because I feel it my duty to protect the business against your wild ideas."

"I don't like to be called a sneak and a renegade," stated Fredericka.

"Oh, that's only in the heat of argument. I'm an excitable old person."

"You were as cool and deliberate as anyone I ever saw in my life," contradicted the girl.

The Grandante was delighted. "Did you really think so? That proves how well under control I have myself. Ah, Fredericka, you don't realize the weight of responsibility I struggle under. If you did, you'd be more sympathetic."

Fredericka felt no inclination toward soft words. "You don't want sympathy. You want submission."

"I expect it," was the prompt return, "where Company interests are concerned."

"Have you come to see me about Company affairs?"

"Certainly not! Though, as you have brought it up, I may as well tell you that I've issued an order dissolving Choral Three."

Fredericka laughed in mingled exasperation and amusement. "Why don't you dissolve the Y. M. C. A.? You have just as much authority over it. I wonder that you haven't sworn out an injunction, or whatever it is the lawyers get, forbidding us to meet."

"I wanted to, but my lawyers told me that the judge wouldn't issue it. I don't know what our courts are coming to!" she finished gloomily.

"You probably know that Choral Three is bringing suit against the Company," said the girl offhandedly.

The old head jerked upward with a queerly paralytic motion. "I never heard of such outrageous insolence," cried she. "A pack of ignorant workmen—"

"We're not all workmen in Choral Three," the other reminded her.

"No. You're in this law business, I'll be bound."

"Did you actually suppose that we'd sit still and let you take our clubhouse, that we built ourselves, away from us?"

"Have you read the terms of the leasehold?"

"Our lawyers have. They don't accept the interpretation."

"Those leases have stood for over a hundred years. I don't think your Choral Three is likely to sing them down."

"We might compromise by buying the leasehold from the Company."

"Not if you offered a million dollars. Ruyland leaseholds don't pass out of the family. I didn't come here to quarrel over our troubled affairs, my dear," she went on briskly. "After all, I try always to remember that you are Ennion's wife, and, at bottom, one of us."

"Whether I'm Ennion's wife or not, I'm not one of you."

"That's very ungracious of you, Fredericka," reproved the old lady with an effort at melancholy for which the girl heartily hated her. "Are you Ennion's wife, or are you not?"

The question was fairly shot at the target, but the wary Fredericka was not to be startled into any betrayal. "Would you like to see my certificate?" she asked sweetly.

"You know perfectly well what I mean. The locked door."

"So you know that. You seem to know everything. Has Ennion run to you, whining? I don't believe he has," she made hasty amendment. "You've been snooping."

Still maintaining her tone of gentle dignity, Augusta Ruyland said: "I refuse to let you anger me. Ennion has said nothing. My discovery was made quite accidentally. I may say that, regrettable though I consider your course, I can no longer blame you." (This with a fine effect of magnanimity.) "No woman could," she appended.

Not understanding in the least, Fredericka waited.

"I like pride in a woman," pronounced the Grandante.

FRDERICKA reflected. "She can approve pride when it doesn't run counter to her own. Wonder what I've been proud about."

"I suppose," continued the Grandante, "you knew about Ennion all the time."

Fredericka, by her silence and the stolid impenetrability of her expression, let the old lady believe that she knew whatever there was to know.

"And were too proud to show your hurt, poor child."

"If she calls me 'poor child' again, I shall throw something at her head," thought Fredericka. And, indeed, the Grandante in the mood of condescending pity was pretty insufferable.

"But you might properly have come to me as the head of the family."

At this the girl broke out: "Will you tell me what you are talking about?"

"Ennion and that woman," answered the other, taken aback.

"What woman?"

"The Selover hussy."

"Dorrie Selover?" Fredericka gave a laugh of scorn. "She isn't a woman; she's a child."

"She's a woman, a handsome woman; and a dangerous and scheming one. She's inveigled poor Ennion—"

"Oh, Mrs. Ruyland, don't come to me with any tales about Ennion and Dorrie Selover! She's been away at school for over a year."

"They've been meeting in New York," returned the old lady impressively.

"Suppose they have," returned Ennion's wife disdainfully. "Who's been tattling?" With a flash of intuition she added: "Have you taken Dawley Cole back into your employment?"

"I have not and I never will. But you can rely on my information."

Fredericka summoned a smile. "There's no reason why Ennion shouldn't see Dorrie, and plenty of reasons why he should, since he's educating her." (Continued on page 23)



"An unbeliever tore the veil from Marie Antoinette an' there she stood with a mustache an' sideburns"

Spooking Into Society

Uncle Henry Says You Can Hobnob with Crowned Heads for the Medium's Price

WHAT'S your idea about spiritualism?" asked the Cub Reporter. "Do you believe in it at all?"

"Why wouldn't I?" demanded Uncle Henry. "Look what it's done for my social standin'. Through spiritualism I've become intimate with people I never could have hoped to meet if it hadn't been for séances. I move in the best Missouri circles, an' I'm even eligible for Washington society, when found, but until mediums took me up, there was no chance that I would ever hobnob with crowned heads. Now I'm so chummy with the mighty figures of the past that Cleopatra calls me 'dearie.'

"For two dollars, or even one dollar, if you don't mind a third-floor back, I can leave the W F Q Z's an' other noises of this material world, an' spend an upliftin' hour with Henry the Eighth, Joan of Arc, Lucrezia Borgia, Charlemagne, an' Queen Elizabeth. There's a fine woman, Jimmie. No nonsense about her, an' easy as an old shoe. When I asked her why she'd never married, she told me to quit my kiddin', an' gave me a playful jab in the ribs that I still feel when I move suddenly.

"Her only fault, if you can call it that, is gin, for I've never seen her when her breath wasn't heavy laden with it. However, it seems to be a general habit, for even Queen Victoria has come to me in a state that even the most charitably minded could not describe as other than richly mellow. But as she herself says, nobody can say that she isn't always the perfect lady."

My Drag with Cleopatra

CLEOPATRA is another you couldn't help gettin' along with. I was a bit prejudiced against her at first, bein' a family man with grown daughters, but in our very first talk she made it clear that there wasn't anything at all in that Mark Antony story. Jes' a boy an' girl affair that the papers got hold of an' exaggerated the way they always do. Same thing with Julius Caesar. As a matter of fact, she never

really cared for military men. The more refined an' intellectual type was always what appealed to her, an' at the risk of seemin' to appear unmaidenly, she's let me know that the whole course of history might have been changed if I'd been on earth in her time. 'The minute I seen you,' she confessed, 'I says to myself, there's a regular feller.'

"Catherine the Great is a woman I'd like to know better, but she's two dollars. The medium insists that the Russian spirits take so much out of her that she loses money even at the price. Molly Pitcher, Lydia Pinkham, Julia Ward Howe, an' people like that are easy as fallin' off a log, but Catherine is that vital she tears you to pieces. When they're that way she thinks she really ought to get three bucks, or two-fifty at the least."

Onions and Oil for Napoleon

FUNNY thing, but almost every spirit you meet is keen on the stock market. There's Napoleon. You'd think he'd spend his afternoons with the Duke of Wellington, talkin' over old times, or else joinin' in fannin' bees with Cæsar, Hannibal, John L. Sullivan, an' other great warriors. No, indeed! From what he tells me, he pals around with Pierpont Morgan almost exclusively. Time after time I've tried to get him to talk about his battles, but not only has he lost interest in 'em, but he can't even remember the names.

"What about Waterloo?" I asked him the other day.

"Waterloo?" he says. "I never heard of the stock. Now don't you go in for those wildcat oils," he says. "Put your money in a mine an' you know where it is. Morgan tells me that the best buy is Snake River Gold, Silver, Copper, an' So Forth Consolidated. Poly," he says to me—an' these are his exact words, so help me—"Poly, go as far as you like in givin' the tip to your friends. Kid," he says, "it's a bear."

"What I like most about spiritualism is its surprises. You may not believe it, but Queen Elizabeth has a rich Irish

brogue. It puzzled me a whole lot until she told me she'd spent a lot of time in Ireland, which was a much finer land than England ever was or ever would be. The only disagreement I ever had with her, outside of refusin' to buy some oil stock that Oliver Cromwell had told her about, was when I asked her if she didn't think the Prince of Wales a fine young man. Accordin' to her opinion, he isn't fit to shine De Valera's shoes.

"Conan Doyle sets himself up as an authority on the next world, but between you an' me, I don't think he's ever met any real spirits. I went to his last lecture an' he didn't say a word about Little Laughin' Eyes or Big Chief, the Indian control who makes a specialty of buried treasure.

"Then there's his assertion that nobody eats in heaven. Why, you can't talk with Cleopatra a minute an' fail to get the fruity boiled-cabbage note, while Napoleon is a regular onion addict.

"For another thing, Conan makes no mention of the happiness that possesses everybody in the spirit world. It's the first information that every well-regulated spirit imparts, an', quite frequently, the only information. George Washington, Christopher Columbus, Benedict Arnold, Abraham Lincoln—I don't care who it is—the minute they're materialized they commence talkin' about how happy they are.

"Mind you, Jimmie, I'm not sayin' that Conan is tryin' to fool us. I'm only intimatin' that he himself has been fooled. Imagine him describin' heaven as a place where everybody starts doin' good in the mornin' an' keeps it up until the evenin' whistle blows. Why, that's no different from earth. People might as well stay here with the Anti-Saloon League, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Rotary Club, an' the Boy Scouts. No doubt they told Conan it was heaven, but you know how natives love to play pranks on a stranger."

"An' there's all his gabble about ectoplasm. Why, every medium I've talked to not only denies havin' 'em, but is willin' to take oath that there was

never any in her family on either side. An' when he says there are marriages in heaven, but no children, he comes mighty close to the law. That's the sort of stuff we sent Mrs. Sanger to jail for.

"I don't know whether to advise you to go in for spiritualism or not, Jimmie. In the first place, it takes a lot of money. Spirits don't hang around waitin' for a chance to gossip, but have to be paged, an' even then they won't talk until they see the money in the hands of the medium. Then, too, I don't know whether you've got the right sort of nature for it. What spiritualism calls for, more than anything else, is *faith*.

Whose Pants Did the Dog Tear?

I REMEMBER one night that Mary, Queen of Scots, had been materialized, an' was givin' us a most interesting talk on how happy she was, when some scoffer threw a pail of aniline dye right in her face. When the lights went up, the medium was a bright, baby blue from hair to chin. Another evenin' an' unbeliever tore the veil away from Marie Antoinette an' there she stood with a mustache an' sideburns. Once a man smuggled a dog into the room an' set him on Frederick the Great, an' the medium had to borrow pants to go home in. Unless you've got faith enough to overlook such little happenings, spiritualism is no pursuit for you.

"Even I have my weak moments. Although I wouldn't admit it openly, what I've never been able to understand about spirits is their passion for tambourines. When you tie up a medium an' put her in a dark cabinet, it's never a trombone or a violin that the spirits elect to play, but always a tambourine. It seems to me that if I was the inmate of another world, an' got back to this one for a few minutes, I could put in my time to better advantage than imitatatin' a Swiss bell ringer."

"How about ouija boards?" idly inquired the Cub Reporter.

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "they're endorsed by the American Bar Association, an' all our judges use 'em."

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FEBRUARY 2, 1924

Who Is Holding Out for Child Slavery?

GET these facts and get them straight:

1. Over a million American children are doing hard labor, eight or ten hours a day, every day.
2. To stop this, we've got to amend the Constitution.
3. A poll of Congress shows that it is at least *two to one* in favor of the amendment.
4. As we go to press, the amendment is still held up in the Judiciary Committee.

Telegraph your congressman to go and get that bill out of committee and on the floor of Congress. Then it can be passed *in one day*. Congress wants to free our child slaves, if the Judiciary Committee will let it! Send that telegram to-day.

Not Much, but Enough for Now

WHEN our senators first read the \$100,000 Bok peace plan, their reaction (the right word) was that it wouldn't amount to much. We recall that when the Mellon tax-reduction plan was first broached the elder statesmen said it wouldn't amount to much. Senator Smoot said: "There will be no tax revision this session." Senator Moses says of the Bok plan: "The mountain brought forth a mouse."

That's twice lately that the Senate has reckoned without public opinion. Although this is written before the first returns in the national referendum, there seems little doubt that the people will vote overwhelmingly in favor of the Bok plan.

The plan disappointed those who hoped for a thriller, for a brilliant new scheme that would burst upon us like an inspiration, stirring our jaded imagination and rousing our squelched idealism. Instead, we got something as familiar as an old song, resounding with echoes of the debates of the past five years.

It would take us into Europe, not far enough to do any harm at all, but so far that we may be able to do much good to ourselves and others. It is enough for the present. It should be supported and urged by every friend of peace and prosperity.

We Can't All Be Leaders, But—

ONE of the stock complaints against the public schools is that they don't train for leadership. Nobody can bring that charge against the correspondence schools. There may be endless discussion about the purpose of the education that is forced on our children, but there is no doubt about the purpose of adult education for which a man voluntarily gives up his own time and money. He takes correspondence courses so that some evening he can come home to his wife with: "I've got that promotion, Nell. Now we can move to Maple Street."

The virtuous young clerk who reads up on the principles of business administration in the evening, while the clerk at the next desk is out dancing, does it because he expects to become vice president and general manager the day his neighbor is let off.

Now, this is excellent in its purpose and in its effect. But what would happen if it were generally successful? As Abe Martin says: "Who's goin' to make the sewer connections, and do the farmin' and the newspaper work, and shovelin' after we're all educated?" If every mechanic in the plant takes the correspondence courses so as to fit himself to be superintendent, the fact remains that only one of them can be superintendent at a time. This is a long way off, perhaps. But every new student enrolled in the correspondence schools brings it nearer. Yes, we are going to need some training for *followership*. It will be a better plant when any man in it is fit to be superintendent (so far as education can make him fit), and a better country when every ditch digger and street cleaner knows something of history and economics and literature. But, obviously,

both plant and country will have to be differently organized if the ditch digger and the man at the bench are to be satisfied. Otherwise we may find some day that we have more education than we can swallow. The thing can be done, and it is time to look ahead and figure out how it is to be done. By doing the things that the chemists and the engineers and other scientists tell us we can do, such as stopping obvious wastes and using superpower, it is quite possible to shorten and lighten the mean jobs and the heavy jobs so that everyone will have the leisure and the will to enjoy the fruits of culture.

You Bet It's a Conspiracy

REPRESENTATIVE GARNER of Texas, Democrat, says that the "propaganda" for the Mellon tax bill is the result of a "huge organized conspiracy." He's right. Wherever and whenever two or three voters get together and talk about their taxes, they conspire in favor of the Mellon plan. It's in all the newspapers. All sorts of men, of experience in many walks of life, are taking a hand. Mr. Garner further says that the conspiracy is one of "predatory interests constituting special privilege." Yes, these voters are predatory interests, and they want to eat up the tax eaters. Millions of plain ordinary Americans want to enjoy the very special privilege of paying lower taxes for 1924.

We are sick and tired of sham talk about taxation, of fake schemes for taxing the rich at the cashier's window inside while selling them their tax-exempt securities at the office door before they come in. These voters who are flooding Congress with letters conspire for safer business, more employment, more favorable prices, lighter governmental burdens, and more active prosperity. It is a conspiracy of good citizenship, and no con game of politics can beat it.

Only the Loan Sharks Are Against This

IF you want to start a poor man's bank, you have to have a State law. Fifteen States now have such laws, and all over those States humble people are being kept out of the clutch of the loan shark and are moving upward by learning, through their credit unions, how to save money and how to lend or borrow sensibly and cheaply. In Massachusetts the credit unions showed an increase in assets during this past year of about \$1,250,000. How about your State? Laws to make credit unions possible are now up for action in:

Iowa Mississippi New Jersey Maryland

In Colorado petitions are being circulated to put a credit-union bill on the ballot for vote of the people next November.

Speaking of the failure of the Maryland Legislature to enact a pending credit-union bill in 1922, the Baltimore "Sun" said:

Those who would have benefited from it are not powerful politically, and the bill could not have strong support if that support be measured by practical standards. But it was based on a sound and practical theory, and in some form it should have passed.

That hits the nail on the head. Credit-union laws move slowly because there is no selfish motive to urge them. No individual or organization gains directly or indirectly by a penny's worth if a credit-union bill is enacted. But the bills in all the four States listed above will pass if the plain people who have been writing to Collier's about poor men's banks get to work on their legislators. Tell your legislator that here is a chance to vote for a bill that benefits nobody except the small income earners and hurts nobody except the usurer.

Politics Is a Game of One Sort of Skill

OUR national regard and admiration for a man who is successful in big undertakings projects singular figures against the political horizon. Hoover and Ford are two cases in point. Neither is a politician. Neither knows much, if anything, about politics. Their public careers have been singularly parallel. Four years ago there was more unorganized popular sentiment for Hoover for president than for any other man in the country. His adherents were both Democrats and Republicans. They were in every State. They were seemingly a clear majority of all the voters. Hoover and his friends did not know how to organize this spontaneous public sentiment or make it politically effective. It was all dissipated when Hoover declared himself a Republican and later took office in the Harding Cabinet. He wiped himself out as a political figure and as a presidential possibility. Then Ford, even more ignorant of politics than Hoover, took the same turning in the road. Six months ago he was the popular choice for president. All the unorganized public sentiment was for him. The politicians of both parties were concerned—until Ford declared for Coolidge. That one act destroyed his unique position. He ceased to be a factor. In politics, that is. y

During the next ten years both Hoover and Ford should be worth far more to their country outside the White House than in it.



If there isn't a law against doing that kind of business, there certainly ought to be *

Europe Is on the Way Up

FIGURES at the close of the year showed clearly that Europe is getting into a better economic position in spite of politicians. Our own imports from Europe in 1923 were more than 20 per cent greater than they were the year before. Increasing exports from a country mean increasing capacity to produce. That, in turn, must mean increasing power of consumption. The great need of Europe is to recover her old rate of production and consumption. The new trade figures show clearly that while her governments squabble, the people are slowly but steadily working back up the long hill down which the war hurled them. The economic repair crew is on the job.

He Too Deserves a Place Among the Bills

PAGES 145-150 in a December issue of the Congressional Record contain a fusillade of bills introduced in the Senate. You can find 353 of them on those six pages. Laddie in anywhere, as, for instance:

- A bill (S. 605) for the relief of Obadiah Simpson.
- A bill (S. 606) for the relief of Orin Thornton.
- A bill (S. 607) to authorize the Secretary of War to release the Kansas City & Memphis Railroad & Bridge Co. from reconstructing its highway and approaches across its bridge at Memphis, Tenn.
- A bill (S. 608) for the relief of James E. Fitzgerald.
- A bill (S. 609) for the relief of Carl L. Moore.
- A bill (S. 610) for the relief of Robert L. Martin.
- A bill (S. 611) for the relief of Paul B. Belding.
- A bill (S. 612) for the relief of the Interstate Grocery Co.

Doubtless estimable folks all, from Obadiah to the grocery company. How about the bill for the relief of that much-harassed little man we see pictured so often—John B. Taxpayer?

The Little Ounce of Prevention

THE records at the University of Wisconsin show that 180 inmates of the Wapun Penitentiary are enrolled for study in the university extension course. These prisoners, makers of many a front-page scarehead, are studying all sorts of subjects, from music to engineering. One of these days we'll make it compulsory for every convict to study and educate himself while he is serving his sentence. Then we'll have more reformation and less vengeance.

There Is So Much We Don't Know Yet

A FISH that carries 350 gleaming phosphorescent lights upon its body and shouts when it swims has been discovered in the Pacific Ocean. How little we know about the inhabitants of the seas that cover four-fifths of the earth's surface! Science is exultant over

the progress in archeological research; every day brings new tales of wonders revealed and mysteries of life unlocked in the bowels of remote corners of the earth. But the work of science just begins. After the earth the sea. The romance and adventure of daring men of old who rode the uncharted seas in quest of new lands will pale beside the romance of those who are yet to explore the ocean depths.

Have You Studied Your Business This Way?

B. J. MUNCHWEILER, salesmanship instructor in the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., asked a retail store for a list of customers who had quit trading at that store. He wrote to 2,000 of these people and asked why they had changed. He found that 470 gave indifference of sales people as the cause; 180 blamed errors in service. The same number objected to forcing of substitutes, while 170 were displeased because of tricky methods. Only 10 mentioned dissatisfaction with quality. You may have an idea why you lose business, but do you *know*? Are you thinking of your "trade" as stupid and unreasonable when the real trouble may be your indifferent service?

A Famous Bandit's Views on Education

RAISULI, the Morocco chieftain who excited T. R.'s wrath by kidnapping Perdicaris twenty years ago, told Rosita Forbes, an Englishwoman who interviewed him, of his early life as a student:

I wanted to know everything that happened in the past, for in those days I believed that wisdom lay in books. The right was not with me then, for it is the study of one's neighbor that brings wisdom.

But it was after the books had been mastered that Raisuli was able to study his neighbor successfully. There's a hint there for our own more domesticated college students. Learning exists to build personality—to get you right with other people.

Men Do These Things

LIFE is never niggardly with what stage folk call "good theatre." When a corn-starch plant in Illinois blew up and caught fire, impromptu drama came into play. Frank Lichtweiss began singing. For an hour his robust tenor floated, in sentimental ballads and jazz songs, above the roar of flame and the screams of agony. Nearly twoscore perished. That more were not lost was attributed by witnesses to the steady effect of the singer's example. Forgetful of his own danger, his voice brave and true, he sang until the last man had escaped from the floor. Then, his clothes afire, he jumped and saved himself. Few of us are blessed with even fair tenor voices, but to any one of us there may come, at some moment of crisis, the opportunity to play the man's part in quiet, simple heroism.



Walter Camp's Sport Page



A Tip for Beginners

HERE'S a tip out of experience for the beginner in any sport. First, seek instruction from or study one who has achieved in your sport. This will give you form, the foundation of all winning effort. Having acquired form, then make the particular adjustments peculiar to your own needs. The copy-cat system will take you safely to a certain point. Original thought is then needed if you would journey on to the pleasant regions beyond.

Even the stoutest spirit is liable to wilt temporarily under too severe pressure. When the American Walker Cup team invaded England last spring, Walter Hagen was the British open champion and the English press was dolefully predicting American triumphs in their 1923 open and amateur championships. Then Francis Ouimet won the St. George's Vase, a trophy never carried off before by a foreigner.

"I'm waiting for just one more thing," a prominent British sportsman remarked bitterly after that American triumph, "and that is for an American cricket team to come over here and win our championship. When that happens I'll go to the States and take out my first citizenship papers." Enough is not only enough at times, but often too much.

Under the strictest interpretation of the Olympic rules, our women's national tennis championship has been held by Norway for seven years. We cannot legitimately claim "Jock" Hutchison's victory in the British open of 1921 as American. Sarazen, although of pure Italian descent, is a typical American because of birth and training, and his game is entirely the product of American golf.

What quality of character does the leader of men demand in those who follow? John McGraw gave sport's answer to the query in a recent talk with Bozeman Bulger concerning Fred Lindstrom, an eighteen-year-old recruit from the Toledo Club of the American Association. McGraw said:

"The thing that struck me about this boy Lindstrom was the way he gradually improved. The averages in May showed him hitting about .250. I looked again in June and he was up to .270. The next month he had climbed to .285. At the close of the season he was up around .306. That shows how he has studied his business and is improving. He is certainly not a morning glory. These players that gradually get better and better are the ones I want. The flashes in the pan are sometimes more trouble than they are worth."

Foolish Pride After Forty

Although in spirit a man is always "as old as he feels," his physical age is computed by the amount of lime in his bones, and for that reason squash and handball and tennis against youthful competition is not for the average man who has passed forty. I recently warned a friend in the forties against squash. "You've got lime in your bones that wasn't there when you were a youngster," I said, "but your muscles are as strong as ever. Some day you'll make a quick turn on the court; then your muscles will hold, but the bone will snap. The bones of a youngster are comparable to a stick of green wood. They will bend and, if the abnormal strain



© Underwood & Underwood

The start of a trial sprint of the American Skating Team now competing in the Olympic championship at Chamonix, France

breaks them, will heal quickly. The lime in your bones makes them brittle."

It was only a few weeks later that my friend did make a quick left turn trying for a difficult "get" and the bone broke below the knee. It is foolish and dangerous pride that keeps a man going beyond his normal speed and strength because he "doesn't want to let the youngsters show him up."

"Connie Mack Takes Rubber Band Off Bank Roll," a newspaper headline informs us. The report that a moth flew out when the band was removed is probably just another one of those rumors.

Training for the Test "Just how much and what sort of training do I need for the test I have to face?" is a constant query of the amateur sportsman. If the question is so important, why not ask the experts?

Georges Carpentier, a boxer who is always in perfect condition, says: "There is far too great a tendency among most boxers to believe that the more work they do the better their chances of victory will be."

Beals C. Wright, one of the keenest students of tennis, was once asked his opinion of the best training system for a major tennis tournament. "The serious player should get a sufficient amount of competition carefully mixed with relaxation," he said. "Relaxation is particularly important, for without such rest the player will find himself with nerves on edge and his condition stale when the big test arrives."

F. M. Green of Detroit took up golf last summer at the age of sixty-two. Playing on Detroit's public links, he scored a hole in one on November 25 at the sixth hole and repeated that performance at the first hole on December 26. Mr. Green probably wonders why there is so much talk about the difficulties of playing golf. His bewilderment may be comparable to that of the rustic on his first visit to the race track. By blind luck he bet on four straight winners and won several hundred dollars. The rustic had always worked hard for a living, but suddenly the vision of a life of ease appeared. "How long," he inquired of a friend, in delighted amazement, "has this been going on?"



Edwin Levick

Golf on snowshoes and skis at Lake Placid, N. Y.

And He's Sawing Wood

"Babe" Ruth is again chopping wood and living a healthful and simple outdoor life generally in preparation for the next baseball season. In 1921 Ruth battered his way to the heights and then, momentarily dizzied by the heady wine of success, he crashed to earth again. Hitting fifty-nine home runs in 1921 will always stand as a brilliant record for Ruth in the history books of the game, but the character he showed in coming back after 1922 is a greater human tribute. Fighting one's way to a throne is a difficult job at all times, but battling your way back to a ruler's seat you once knew is an even harder test.

The announcement that Billy Johnston will be unable to accompany the Olympic tennis team to Paris makes it more imperative than ever that Tilden's disagreement with the tennis powers that be should be amicably settled. With Tilden and Johnston both out, the American team would be like an army going to war deprived of the offensive and defensive power of the barrage from its biggest guns.

Gopher Football Then and Now

In 1886 "Chris" Graham was one of a group of University of Minnesota students who decided to experiment with a new game called football, a sport that was creating considerable excitement in Eastern universities. Two games were played and exactly two were lost. The team boasted only two substitutes. Thirty-seven years after the formation of this first Minnesota team Dr. Christopher Graham sat in the grand stand and watched his son, Malcolm Graham, give due notice that he was liable to develop into one of Minnesota's great quarterbacks. The rumor that the 1923 Gophers were better coached and carried more than two substitutes is correct.

One man's form may be another man's poison. After consulting a form dictator, decide by personal experiment if you can digest all or only part of the advice.

Ten Eyck on Rowing

Is the four-mile race too stiff a test for the collegiate oarsman? The question is up for discussion again with the rowing season in the offing and I should like to offer the opinion of Ten Eyck of Syracuse, an authority on the sport and one of the most colorful of the coaches. Ten Eyck says:

"One day a couple of English oarsmen started out for a little row on the Thames. One of them said to the other: 'Dear old chap, I'll row you from Putney to the ship at Mayferes.' Other old-time oarsmen followed their example and it became a favorite pull. When Oxford and Cambridge took up rowing they followed the old men and rowed from Putney to Mayferes. You know how hard it is to change an Englishman once he gets into a rut. It so happened that the distance from Putney to Mayferes was four miles and three hundred yards. I believe that it is unnecessary to row four miles, but it does not hurt a man to row four miles any more than it does to row a mile and a half. If he is in condition to row, he will not feel the difference."

Cutting Costs on Collier's House

By Harold Cary

USING the revolutionary methods of Ernest Flagg, Mr. Cary expects to make a saving of one-third on the old ways of building. The walls are up now. The loan expert has been up to see about the mortgage and says it looks like a \$22,000 house. Flagg says it ought to cost only \$10,000. You can follow Mr. Cary's progress, and the record of methods, costs and savings, in his diary, which Collier's will print every few weeks.

IN building Collier's house by the Flagg methods and design we hope to save one-third of the cost of building by old-fashioned methods. In this plan there is no cellar and there is no attic. The furnace is assigned a room aboveground. All the space under the roof is used for rooms which are kept cool in summer by sets of ventilators called ridge dormers. The masonry walls which I am building of field stone are put up by day labor, using movable concrete forms—only the faces of the walls are carefully set, and even that is done by day labor.

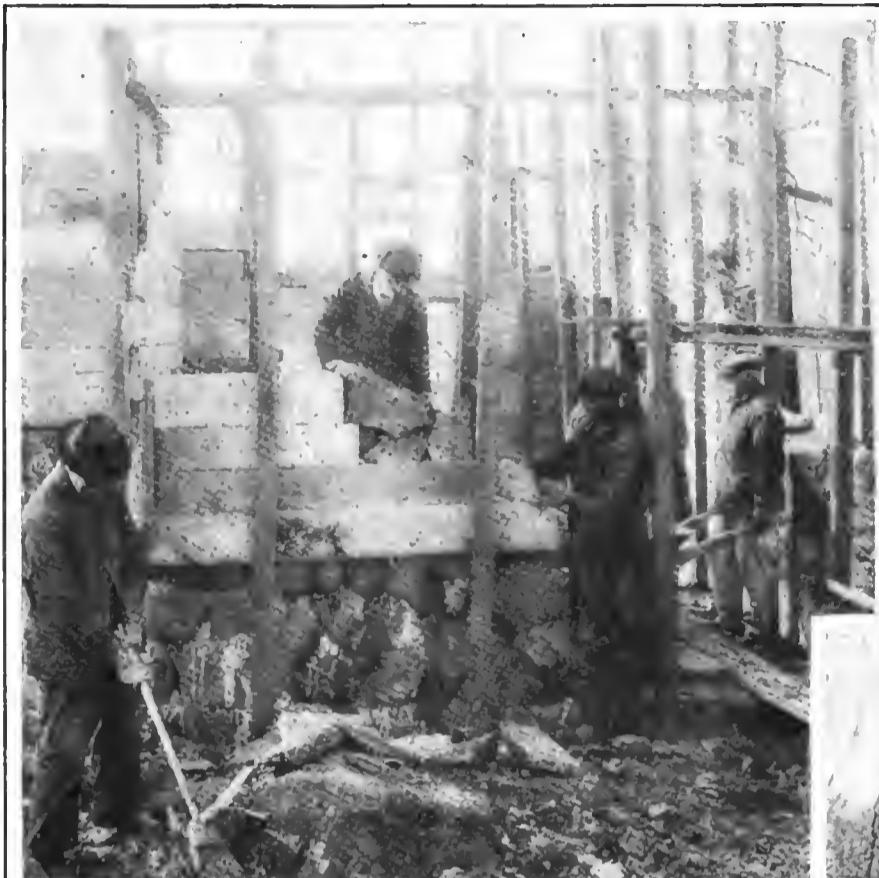
On the last date of my diary as published we were struggling almost hopelessly to erect the first forms.

October 9, 1923—How my amateur superintendent and I hated to face the job this morning! There seemed every prospect of working all winter trying to set forms, with a pay roll of thirty-five dollars a day eating us up. So it was to my complete and utter astonishment that to-day the concrete mixer was pounding away and the concrete gang was running in to the wall within two hours, or at nine-thirty this morning. All our troubles faded out when we attacked the forms. Almost before we knew it we had two corners set, the planks tied in and the tension wires taut over at least thirty feet of foundation. Two men wheeled concrete, two men went to laying stone up, one man charged the mixer; Bones, the super, worked ahead with the man on the forms.

Making Walls the New Way

IT went almost impossibly well, although, of course, it will be a long time before we know anything at all about our costs. We have sunk \$526 in Flagg-type forms. If we use them successfully, as it seems now we can, we can build our walls on his system for about the same price we might have to pay a contractor, perhaps a little less, and have the forms left to build other houses with.

One set of forms ought to last through ten or twelve houses. A contractor operating on these methods would charge about \$275 for the use of the forms and therefore we will put that item in the costs at that figure, charging off the rest to profit and loss on experimental work. Neither Flagg nor I



The building stones are set face out to the plank forms, and then concrete is poured behind them

would advise any individual to buy forms for one house alone.

October 16—The slope of our land is such that in spite of dropping both the garage and the furnace-room wings at the ends two feet lower than the rest of the house we must build nearly 20 per cent more wall than we would have to erect on this plan if the ground were level. That shoots up costs too.

October 20—We reached waterproofing level on a lot of our wall to-day, and finished it off smooth for the course of hot tar. A course is a layer, put in here to cut off the moisture which a masonry wall will suck up out of the ground like a blotter. We have been having a row with our mason. As a precautionary measure we have had him on the job, although two other men, day laborers, also lay wall. At first we had an awful time with him because he wanted to lay the wall the old way and tie it in with mortar while we want to set stones in and throw concrete behind them to make the labor saving which the forms promise. I went in to-day and laid, myself, and importuned him: "Don't tie in your stone. This is like concrete work with a veneer of stone. Don't key. Just make close joints. Cover over the stones with concrete and let the concrete do the tying."

He is sixty years old and learned his trade in Europe. Three times I stopped him, even though I don't know enough about masonry to be sure he was tying his stone, and yelled: "Anesi! Don't tie!" At last a light dawned on him. "I see!" he cried. Then he turned to the mixer operator and yelled: "Concrete, Joe; concrete!" and began laying in the stone like mad while the wheelbarrow men came on the run.

So now we can say we have learned to set forms and to lay up a Flagg wall.

November 3—I came back to-day

from a week's trip. Bones has a grasp of the job, yet I left in fear and trembling, knowing they were going to put up the first gable, use the first scaffolding, build the first chimney, and do other things we had yet to try. And when I got back, there was the gable and all. The pointing or filling in with mortar on the outside, which is done after the planks of the form are removed, was finished. Window frames which I have had made from blue prints were in on a large part of the house, and for the first time we could see really what we had done. The stuff is plain beautiful. The masonry is exquisite, superior, I think, to any field-stone work by ordinary methods I ever saw. How proud I should be—though the glory maybe belongs exclusively to Flagg—to be able to show the real thing to the readers of my articles. Most of them will have to be content with photographs.

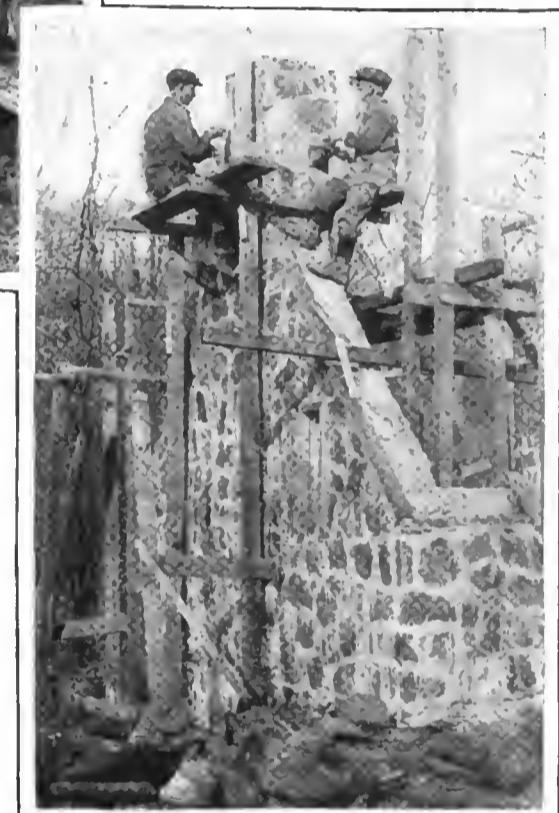
\$975.50 for Labor So Far

I STOOD there raving to myself, when I should have been congratulating poor Bones, not on his speed, which is, I feel sure, not what it ought to be, but on the finished job as it was finished. And then he admitted that when they were putting up the gable, the whole structure started to bulge and go down because they had gone ten feet straight up with the stuff. For ten minutes they thought it would all fall down. They all began yelling and whooping for shores, rock footers to block the shores, cross braces and what

not. They braced the forms and pushed them back into position until they were plumb, as they must be. The next day they took off the planks with fear and trembling and found it all just as perfect as it is now.

Thank Heaven, I was in Washington and didn't have to pass through that ten minutes! But we have learned a lesson at mighty little cost.

November 20—When I showed the photographs to the editor of Collier's to-day he asked me to write my articles right on the trail of the building so that our costs and troubles would get into type as soon as possible and become unchangeable because published. It takes so long to print and distribute a national publication that the date of issue will always be behind the diary by several weeks, anyway. The point is that we are going ahead to build by methods never before used by anyone except the originator, Ernest Flagg. We are



The forms have been taken away from this wall, and mortar is being filled in between the faces of the stones. Later the wall will be cleaned with acid

making mistakes, being slow, running up costs, but we are going to admit it, and admit it before there is any chance to dope up the facts and make them look pretty.

So I now admit that I have spent \$975.50 on labor. We have still to put in the concrete floors and waterproof them, build a pier chimney and fireplace and put up the garage gables, one with an arch. I'm scared to death we will be stopped by the weather. The carpenters are coming to start roofing and the house must be closed in before we get much snow.

November 21—It froze last night and two or three stones dropped out of the wall when we took form planks off. I called up one of Flagg's men and asked him what in the name of the dear summer time we could do now. "Put the stones back and point them in again," he answered and laughed.

"That's been (Continued on page 30)

pile-driver fists, backed by two hundred pounds of brawn, caught the man at the side of the neck and knocked him senseless.

The others closed in. Brady's surprised head was hit by many blows. He felt the glancing impact of a blackjack.

"Get that cop!" hissed some one.

A clawing, flailing, grunting mass of men caught his body and tried to bring him down. His right hand was grasped by clutching fingers. He tore it away savagely and used it as a club. He smashed it into a moving face and caused a whimper of pain.

"Get that cop!" moaned somebody.

Brady swung again. He landed full upon a soft body which grunted and wheezed. Other arms clutched him. A hand got under the rear of his collar and twisted it. His wind was choked off. With all his desperate strength he spun the squirming mass completely around. He grabbed the hand at his collar. He tore it away savagely. There was a scream of pain. John Brady had been too violent—he had dislocated the man's arm!

"Get that cop!" yelled somebody, in alarm.

AFIST struck Brady's nose. A blow made his ears ring. The men were too close for blackjacks, so they used fists. One of them clipped him on the chin, making him groggy. He lashed out with all the savagery of his powerful left arm. He caught some one full on the face, but the panting, writhing, grunting, cursing battlers rained blows upon him. He tripped and went to his knees. The mass pounced on him exultantly. By sheer strength he arose again. Sobbing, gulping for air, he crashed through the ring of attackers. For an instant he was clear.

In that embattled moment he forgot he was an Irishman and remembered he was a policeman. He swung his club forth with all the strength of his mighty arm. Then the club hit some one. Vastly encouraged, Brady swung again. This time he didn't land.

He was weakening. He knew it. He was staggering into the vacant lot, reeling from a hundred savage blows. His natty new uniform was torn and full of sticky moisture from his nose and mouth. But he knew the others were hurt even worse. They were not so frantic to attack him now. They stood away, breathing hard. For the first time he got a comprehensive view of the scene. Three men were lying on the ground and three more were facing the policeman. Apparently they were wondering what to do next.

"Get that cop!" sobbed one of the trio stubbornly.

Patrolman Brady was justified in drawing his pistol then, but he had forgotten all about pistols. He glanced behind him for an instant. The dim lights from a distant street lamp showed a board fence at his rear, with one dark exit in its middle, where several boards were missing. He decided to battle it out with his back to the fence.

The trio began to circle toward him. He started a strategic retreat. He reached the fence. He halted, getting a better grip on his club. Then he stood like a lion at bay while his enemies dodged, feinted, and circled, looking for an opening.

Something whistled past his ear. It came from behind. It was a brickbat. It bounced out of the lot and rattled to the pavement. Patrolman Brady observed its course and felt treachery behind him.

With a wild yell he threw himself at the dancing trio, crashed his club into some one's neck, rushed past the remaining two, and dodged through the hole in the fence.

Another brickbat missed him by an inch. He felt its wind. He noted the thrower, a dark, crouching figure running along behind the fence and toward the street. Patrolman Brady, boiling with rage, raced after him. He caught up with the man. The latter halted, ducked, and tried to dodge to the left. Patrolman Brady swung his club desperately, like a baseball bat, in

a wide arc—woosh, crack! The victim collapsed without a sound.

"And now the rest of ye!" gasped Patrolman Brady.

The two other men, at the hole in the fence, hesitated. Patrolman Brady remembered his pistol. He drew it. He also brought forth a police whistle, which reminded him that the whistle was supposed to be used to summon help in case of need. He blew it frantically. He repeated until answering whistles began to sound from certain blocks beyond the tall buildings back of the lot.

Brady's two enemies at the fence started away.

"Oh, no!" yelled Brady, holding his unaccustomed pistol warily. "Stay still. Ye'll find it'll be healthier!"



"Rats bite!" snapped Sergeant Hill. "Can't ye learn to lay low till ye catch them in a trap?"

The pair refused to heed. They began to race away, running in zigzag courses. Patrolman Brady's pistol spat flame. It made a prodigious bang. When his eyes quit blinking, the two men were completely absent.

Brady let them go. He stumbled over to the prostrate figure of the man he had struck last. He lifted the man and staggered to the gap in the fence, where he heard the welcome sound of approaching feet. Two men came running from opposite directions. The dim light of the corner lamp flashed on their brass buttons. Brady let his man down.

"Call the wagon!" he bawled. "I've got five of them!"

"Foive?" bawled a surprised policeman, one Kelly, coming 'cross lots. "Do ye fight by platoons? What happened?"

"They wanted to get a cop," retorted Brady, speaking through swollen lips. "They got him. Gimme your flashlight, Kelly!" He grasped the thing from Kelly's hand and illuminated the face of the man who had prowled behind the fence. "So-ho! The brains of the plot, lurkin' in the background! Mister Sammy Wessler! A fine, large night!"

Collier's, The National Weekly, for February 2, 1924

His Majesty the Cop

Continued from page 11

Kelly ran to the call box and summoned the patrol wagon. He returned while Brady and the third policeman were estimating the casualties. Two were badly damaged. The other three, including Sammy Wessler, were coming to defiant consciousness.

Kelly, curious, threw his flashlight upon Patrolman Brady. Kelly studied Brady carefully. Then he shut off the light. "It was a foine, even fight!" he observed, not without awe. "Both sides done grand!"

But Patrolman Brady was able to appear in police court next morning. His uniform was patched, his right eye was screened by a cloth flap, his lips were swollen, and two teeth were missing, but the general ensemble was still erect, resolute and proud.

The judge, a rotund, spectacled, black-haired person, gave Sammy Wessler and his battered friends an occasional glance from knowing eyes, while Patrolman Brady told his straightforward story.

Then Sammy told his side of it: "I was walkin' along when this cop comes up to me and he sez: 'I've been layin' for you and now I gotcha!' So he hauls off and soaks me, see? My frien's is around the corner and they hears me yellin', so they comes in and tries to get me out from under; but the cop, he pulls out his club and wallops everybody!"

observed the look of malicious triumph on the thin face of Sammy Wessler.

"A put-up job!" groaned Patrolman Brady.

"He kep' pickin' on me!" explained Sammy Wessler to the judge. "It's a pers'nal grudge. I had to rap him once at Police Headquarters. Ask the sergeant. He knows. This fella's got it in for me!"

Patrolman Brady controlled his screaming red rage and gripped the edge of his seat. Helplessly he heard further testimony from Sammy and his friends, interspersed with shrewd questions and comments from the magistrate.

Sammy's friends all told the same glib story. The cop hated Sammy because of a girl. They saw the cop try to beat Sammy. They tried to rescue their friend. The cop was too powerful.

"A put-up job!" groaned Patrolman Brady. "All of it."

"We'll look into this further!" decided the judge, frowning at the clock. "There's something wrong here. It's either a lot of perjurers or a policeman who shouldn't be on the force!"

The judge turned his glinting spectacles toward Patrolman Brady and gave him a basilisk stare. "We'll see about this business. We'll continue the case until to-morrow morning for further evidence."

PATROLMAN BRADY, despondent, disillusioned and disgusted, went home and rested, reporting in the evening for duty as usual. He was met by Patrolman Kelly when he poked his head into the locker room at headquarters.

"Have ye seen the evenin' paper?" demanded Kelly.

"What paper?" inquired the surprised Brady.

Kelly shoved a sheet into his hand, marking a certain place with his thumb. Brady focused his horrified eyes on the headline:

CLEVER COP, IN LOVE,
PUTS RIVAL IN COOLER

Romeo in Uniform, Guided by Cupid, Slugs Opponent for a Goal in Joust for Heart of Fair Maid

Police Judge Says He's Against Idea—Magistrate Rosenbaum Asserts that Sheiks are All Right in Movies, but not on the Police Force

Patrolman Brady's startled eyes read the headline again and again. His gaze never reached the smaller type. The heading was enough.

"What's a sheik?" he asked, in a voice strangely unreal.

"A sheik," translated Kelly, "is a gentleman who collects ladies."

Patrolman Brady crushed the paper and hurled it against the wall. His face went red, his eyes blazed, and his big hands clenched.

"It's a lie!" he yelled. "A lie—a lie! Who wrote that? I'll catch that damned reporter and cram his lie down his throat! The liar! The liar! I'll wring his neck!"

"You let them reporters alone!" bawled the familiar dominant voice of Sergeant Hill from the doorway. "Haven't ye trouble enough? Would ye fight with the newspapers, now, after all the rest of it? Come here, you—come into the office! I'm goin' to have a little business wit' ye!"

Patrolman Brady, who had turned at the sound of the voice, numbly realized he was in for a snappy session. Meekly he followed his superior officer, who led him into the railed headquarters office and then softly closed the door leading from the locker room. The drafty front office, with its shadows, its tall desk and its dim but impressive lights, gave Patrolman Brady a deeper feeling of his approaching ordeal.

"And so now you'd fight the press!" growled Sergeant Hill, switching on an extra light.

"They lied!" insisted Patrolman Brady stubbornly.

"Did they, now? Was it not charged in open court, me buck? Was it not

Patrolman Brady, wide-eyed with indignation, began to sit up in his bench behind the court rail.

"He got it in for me," whined Sammy Wessler. "It's pers'nal, see? Ever since I got his girl, Kitty Quinn, away from him and started takin' her out, he's been layin' for me!"

Patrolman Brady jumped up passionately.

"That's a lie!" he roared.

THIS startled judge slammed on the desk with his gavel. "Sit down!" he thundered. "What do you mean, coming in like this? I'm surprised at you—a policeman showing such ignorance of court procedure, such contempt of the rules of behavior. You ought to get a lesson. Haven't you been here often enough to learn better? I'm surprised at you. You sit down and keep still!"

Patrolman Brady, white-faced and trembling with wrath and humiliation, subsided. He heard a titter behind him from the crowded courtroom. He saw reporters glancing at him. He noted the bailiff and the clerk winking at each other. Last but not least, he

in the testimony? Didn't the judge speak about sheiks, while talkin' to the newspaper men? I heard him." Sergeant Hill's voice arose explosively. "And you'd butt your head against the press! You'd fight them that thinks no more of a policeman than a steam roller thinks about fleas! Have ye no sense at all?"

Sergeant Hill placed his arms akimbo. With grim disapproval, he eyed Brady's powerful figure.

"I'll give ye a battle worth your while," decided Sergeant Hill ominously. "I'll have ye visit the captain! Wait here."

Sergeant Hill turned on his heel and marched up a carpeted stairway to the sanctum of the lord of the station. The captain, a large, broad, slow-moving police officer of the old school, with moody eyes and a big black mustache, heard Sergeant Hill's report without moving a muscle or speaking a word. The sergeant first recited the worst about Patrolman Brady, gradually veering to better things.

"He's a grand fighter, sir," admitted the sergeant pleadingly. "The way he handled that gang—seven of them, mind ye—made us all open our eyes. There's not a better man with his fists on the force. And I believe his story about the trouble too. He's no liar. He only needs some one to take the consait out of him. Talk to him, sir. Lay him on the floor and roll all over him. It's you that can do it, sir. For the good

of the service—to save the boy's future—give it to him strong!"

"I'll talk to him!" grunted the captain. "Send him up!"

Patrolman Brady shortly went upstairs. After some time he went down again. He seemed absent-minded and somewhat dazed. He started out on his beat, a humbled and saddened man.

Minor offenses met his eye as he strolled thoughtfully around the streets, but he looked the other way and let the petty squabbles settle themselves. He tried to be courteous and obliging when citizens addressed him. He noticed an automobile cutting a corner slightly, but the error brought not even a mild rebuke.

In spite of his mental suffering, certain fundamental ideas were starting to trickle into his understanding. The things that had bothered him before were mild now in comparison with the thundering rage of his captain, and from this perspective he observed his own previous actions in a different light. His brain began working. After all, he began to realize, a cop should watch for real crimes or misdemeanors, and not little irritations. He dimly began to sense that his business was to keep the peace; and peace comes from good will and good fellowship, and not from arrogance.

He turned into Thirtieth Street automatically. For an instant he hesitated. He didn't want to pass a certain house where he might be forced

to face the scornful eyes of Kitty Quinn. In a flash his embarrassed mind recalled certain horrible words in the newspaper headline: "Romeo." "Sheik." "Clever cop, in love!"

In imagination he could see Kitty Quinn's proud lips curl.

But this was his beat. He had to go up Thirtieth Street. Resolutely he strode ahead, looking neither to right nor left, hoping that his arrival would not be noticed. He approached the Quinn domicile. His feet wished to swing away and avoid this spot, though his self-respect would not let him. He kept going, lowering his one-eyed glance to the sidewalk lest he see what he did not wish to see.

SUDDENLY he was forced to halt. Straight in front of the crestfallen cop stood a dainty feminine person, real enough, but seemingly enveloped in a dim haze because of the reluctance of Brady's one good eye to look away from the flagstone. She talked straight at him.

"It's a shame!"

He stood on one foot and then on the other. He doffed his helmet, taking time to return it. He felt awkward. He couldn't ignore her, and yet he didn't have anything to say in reply.

"I read the papers!" she announced, with some heat. "It's shameful!"

Patrolman Brady gulped down something in his throat. "Yes," he agreed, in a husky and resentful voice. "It is!"

"I know. My brother told me the whole story. He saw it all. He'll testify if need be. The way that dirty Wessler lied about ye in court! The mongrel! You read his character right, John! I take shame for doubtin' your judgment!"

"What? Kitty!"

As if the gates of heaven had opened before his unbelieving eyes, Patrolman Brady looked up, enthralled. Then the sudden mad reaction from gloom to joy made him act with amazing abandon. He leaped forward and grabbed her. In an instant his arm was about the unapproachable waist of Kitty Quinn and his heart was beating wildly. "Wait!" she gasped. "The street is watching!"

"Damn the street!" he yelled, exultingly. "Kitty—Kitty, me darlin'—and you'll be mine? Mine!"

"Not so loud!" she pleaded, in a small, alarmed voice.

"Ah, how can I help shoutin', with the prize of all the world in me arms? Are ye not mine? Do I not know it now?"

There was a pause, but she did not draw away.

"I think so," she agreed, almost in a whisper. Then she looked up at him. "Oh, John—you're so masterful!"

The cop, despite his bliss, suddenly remembered the ferocious words of his captain on this very subject.

"Yes," he admitted cautiously. "I am, but not too much!"

Siege

Continued from page 16

"Educating her? After she refused to go to the school I selected?"

Here was proof, Fredericka reflected, that Ennion had wailed on telling his great-aunt of their plans for Dorothea. How could a man be so pusillanimous, so cowed! "Hasn't he said anything to you about it?" she heard herself asking.

"No. He wouldn't dare."

"Evidently not. I told you that what you demanded was submission. You get full measure from some of the family!"

"Never mind me. Your husband's unfaithfulness—"

Fredericka's short laugh clipped the sentence.

"Oh, unfaithfulness! I shouldn't worry over that if I were you."

"No, you wouldn't," retorted Augusta Ruyland in a fury. "You're too cold-blooded to care."

The young wife took time to think that over. Presently she said in a musing tone: "No; I'd care. I'd care a lot. I'd be awfully sorry for Ennion."

The Grandante gave a gasp. "You talk like a zany."

"I'm trying to be specially sane about this. If Ennion were unfaithful to me in your sense, it would be because he'd stopped loving me. And it hurts to stop loving a person. I know. Not that I believe there's anything in your suspicions."

"I know there is," insisted the old lady, characteristically translating a suspicion into certainty. "Leave him to me, though. I'll bring him back to you on his knees."

"Do you think I'd want him that way?" flashed the girl. She added more coolly: "What reason have you for supposing that I want him back at all?"

"Ah!" cried the other triumphantly. "You're saying that because you are hurt."

"Beyond forgiveness, I think." The words sounded a still deliberation.

ALARMED, the old lady changed her tactics. "You mustn't say that," she protested. "If we can get this clever creature out of the way—"

"Can't I make you understand that it's no question of her," broke in the other wearily. "His unfaithfulness is so much worse—"

"Worse? What can you mean by that? I'm an old woman, and an old-fashioned woman I daresay, but I should like to know what can be worse than a betrayal of the marriage vow."

Fire flashed into the young, thought-

burdened face. "Don't you see that when he let me walk out of Norval's funeral alone, under your attack, that was more of a betrayal than the kind you mean could possibly be?"

Groping and mazed, the Grandante chattered out something about "modern immoral ideas."

"Isn't treachery immoral? Perhaps it isn't, though. Perhaps it's only a symptom of a disease, and the disease is cowardice."

"Are you talking to yourself or me?"

"I beg your pardon." The girl's accents changed to those of politeness, which was also indifference. "I was talking to myself. I'll try to explain. If Ennion went with another woman, I could understand that it might be a sudden temptation beyond his control [the Grandante snorted her indignant protest], and I can see how I could forgive him, though it wouldn't be easy."

Her voice lowered and grew tense in her throat. "But when he deliberately chose to sit still and hear you accuse me of causing the death of the man you killed yourself—"

"I?" The old lady rose, quivering in every muscle. "I killed Norval Ruyland?"

"As surely as if you'd run a knife into his heart," went on the relentless voice. "As surely as you blight everything you touch; as you've blighted our marriage, Ennion's and mine."

The hard old chin sank. "How can you say that?" she protested in an appalled mutter.

"Isn't it true? Haven't you done the same with Josephus? Wouldn't you have done it with Elberta if she hadn't had the courage to break away from you and marry the man she loved?"

The old lady, looking pitifully older, sat down again. "Is Elberta married?"

"Last week. I had a letter from them. There's one life you haven't managed to spoil."

In spite of herself, Fredericka admired the self-forgetfulness with which the other ignored the attack made upon her, and reverted to Ennion's happiness. "Is your marriage ruined?" she asked wistfully. "Haven't you any feeling left for Ennion?"

Fredericka hesitated. "There's always something left," she said slowly, "toward a man that you've lived with, even if it's only hate."

"You don't hate Ennion," pleaded the loyal advocate.

"No; I don't hate him."

"Isn't there a chance, then?"

"How can I tell?" cried the girl. "If he were different— But if he were different he wouldn't be Ennion."

Augusta Ruyland put forth a mighty effort. "Your mother suggested something. Your mother is a very wise woman, Fredericka. Wise and kind." Suddenly Fredericka felt her eyes smart. To hear the despotic and self-sufficient head of the Ruylands imply the need of kindness toward herself had in it something of the pathetic, some foretaste of surrender. "If I didn't"—she gulped and went on—"interfere; if I kept away from you both—" She stopped with leveled eyes of hope.

"Oh, Mrs. Ruyland!" Fredericka's smile was rueful. "You couldn't keep your hands off. It isn't in you."

"But if I did, isn't there any chance? Be fair to Ennion."

The young wife stifled an unrecognized protest that rose and stirred in the depths of her heart. "There's always a chance," she admitted.

"I'll tell Ennion," cried the other eagerly.

"There you go!" Fredericka threw out hands of comic despair. "If it's to be done, you have to be the one to do it, don't you!"

"I won't," the Grandante huddled herself to say, and took her leave. . . .

Several days later Fredericka came upon Dawley Cole furtively emerging from a cheap lunch counter on a side street, and took him into her car.

"I want to tell you, Dawley Cole," said she, "before you spread any other stories about my husband, that you're miles off the track. About Dorrie Selover, I mean."

"But I haven't spread any stories," he protested.

"You told Mrs. Ruyland. That's spreading enough."

He hung a dispirited head. "She got it out of me. Anyway, I thought it was something you ought to know. Here's something else for you, about Choral Three. Confidential, of course: Cousin Augusta Ruyland is going to buy the leasehold of the clubhouse property from the Company."

"You mean buy it for herself?"

"Yes."

"I see. She's going to make sure that there'll be no opposition in the Company to her fight. But, Dawley, can she do that?"

"If the directors will sell, and she offers a fair price, I don't see why not."

"Haven't the stockholders got any rights in the matter?"

"Oh, well, you know the way they do things. Stockholders or directors, what difference does it make? They all do what the Grandante tells 'em."

Fredericka hurried home to write a letter. Norval's personal counsel in New York, Mr. Mason Russell, had, after some hemming and hawing toward the end of their former conversation, informed her that by special request of the late Mr. Ruyland she was to let him, Mr. Russell, know privately if any immediate and destructive danger threatened the Choral Three property.

A wire in the morning informed her that her letter was being forwarded to Mr. Russell, who was out of town.

Meantime she heard that the chairwoman of the board had called a meeting for Saturday.

Fredericka resolved to go to that meeting and demand a hearing as a stockholder. For this she must have Robert Enderby's stock or his proxy. Enderby, she learned, was not in Habersham; was not expected back until the end of the week. After a good deal of thought, she wired him also.

THE more the Grandante thought of the Coleson-Ainsworth plan, the better she liked it. It enticed her sense of generosity, her instinct for the dramatic. She purposed to dramatize it to the full. But before bestowing her gift her victory over the rebels must be emphasized and her authority finally vindicated beyond cavil.

Among her other qualities of generalship, the head of the clan boasted the capacity for getting along with little or no sleep. Until almost dawn, after her call upon Fredericka, she sat at her desk in the Conspiracy, figuring and reckoning, went to bed for two hours, and by eight was at breakfast with John, the heaviest stockholder next to herself and her stanch, not to say slavish, ally. John, pallid as a worm, and of much the same physical texture, gave a displeasing report of the situation. The small stockholders, scared by the bogey of unionism, would attend the meeting in a body, ready, most of them, to support peace overtures. Sister Augusta's plan of taking over the clubhouse property (he had not been let into the secret of the full plan) would, in his opinion, be strongly

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opposed. The Grandante's lower lip protruded.

"You don't think they'll go so far as to bring it to a vote by shares," said she incredulously.

The accepted method was for any action determined upon in family council, or by the Grandante, to be put in the form of a motion, unanimously passed, and so recorded. Adjournment. John, however, thought there would be a show-down vote.

"We've got strength enough to sweep 'em off the face of the earth," she snapped.

"Enough to win certainly," conceded the more cautious John. "But it may not be very impressive without Norval's stock to vote."

"I don't understand the delay in probating his will. We'll have to count that lot out. Josephus has sold his twenty shares to a dummy representing young Enderby. I have a notion they'll turn up in Ennion's wife's hands."

John grunted unpleasantly. "And Ennion?"

"Perfectly safe. Leave him to me," was the self-confident reply.

Upon John's departure she summoned her grandnephew to The Rock, and, in the pride of her dominance, laid the whole plan before him; the purchase, the gift, the knocking out of the underpinning of the strike, and the consequent confounding both of the rebels and of the weak-kneed among the Ruylands. Ennion, delighted, readily acceded to her imposition of absolute secrecy. When would she declare the gift? Not for two or three days probably; she wanted to give the recalcitrants time to savor their defeat to the full. In return he gave her a little surprise: he had unexpectedly secured control of some stock, which he could conscientiously vote in favor of her project. So much to be added to the completeness of her triumph; she would teach Mahlon and his crew a salutary lesson, exulted the Grandante. It did not occur to her one-ideaed mind that in thus conspiring with Ennion she was breaking her agreement of noninterference, proposed to Fredericka.

FREDERICKA broached the subject of the attack on Choral Three at luncheon, to which Ennion had returned from a workless laboratory.

"Where is the Saturday meeting to be held, Ennion?"

"At Factory Three."

"I think I'll go."

"Oh, I don't believe I would, Freddy."

"I've got an interest in that meeting through Choral Three," she pointed out.

"That would hardly get you into a stockholders' meeting."

"Your Aunt Augusta would keep me out, you mean."

"Well, there's no use in making any unpleasantness," he answered characteristically.

"No; never make any unpleasantness. Always let it come of itself while you sit by and watch." Fredericka was being neither amiable nor admirable, as she was well aware, but she did not care. "I suppose she could hardly bar me out if I had a proxy."

"Enderby's proxy? By the way, I've got that myself in blank."

"Where did you get it?" Challenge was in her eyes, and suspicion.

"He left it for me when he left town, as he might not get back until this noon."

"To be turned over to me," she inferred.

"He didn't say so."

"He wouldn't. He wouldn't think it necessary."

"You have a high regard for that earnest young man, haven't you?" he commented teasingly, but with an undertone of seriousness.

"He isn't an earnest young man," she rejoined sulkily. "I've got confidence in him, if that's what you mean."

"Try having confidence in me for once," he suggested.

She stifled the temptation to the logical retort. "Why should I?" and asked instead: "What do you want me to do?"

"Save us both possible embarrass-

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ment by not trying to get into the meeting."

"While the Grandante makes hash of Choral Three."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, if you want to be disagreeable!"

A sharp pity for him, for herself, for their severing lives pierced her. "Oh, Ennion, I don't mean to be rotten about it. But how can I go back on my word to Norval?"

"You won't be going back on Norval," he cried eagerly. "Nothing is going to happen to Choral Three. I can't tell you the whole thing; I'm bound in secrecy for the present. But everything will be perfectly all right. Just as right as you could possibly want it."

"And you won't vote that stock against the interests of Choral Three?"

"Absolutely not. I give you my word." He smiled at her, thinking of Augusta

to give herself the clubhouse property."

"Yes, I know. But—"

"You know! Do you realize what it means to Choral Three? Our finish. We need every vote, and even then we're probably beaten. Where's that proxy you spoke of?"

"Ennion has it."

"That settles it."

"Why, no, Mahlon. Ennion's all right. He'll vote against it."

"Will he? He's just made an argument in favor of the sale."

A well-conducted young matron had apologized to the legal representative for leaving him to go to the phone. A human whirlwind came rushing back upon him, bundled him into hat and coat, and hustled him to a runabout waiting at the curb. On the headlong ride he answered a score of shrewd, swift questions, and, as the car bumped the curb in front of Factory Three, was hidden make all speed back downtown by himself.

Mahlon was not in the hallway as she had expected. A doorman said to her: "They're takin' a vote."

She pushed by him and entered the room. They were not taking a vote. The vote was over. By the calm satisfaction of the chairwoman's face the intruder knew the result. Her husband rose before her.

"Fredericka," he began, in wavering excitement.

She ignored him. "I demand the right to vote," said she, addressing the chair.

"Too late. The polls are closed," interposed Tompkins Ruyland, head counsel for the Company. Something in the newcomer's bearing had aroused misgivings in his trained legal soul.

"Keep quiet, Ruyland. I should like to know what Mrs. Ennion Ruyland proposes to vote," said the chairwoman composedly.

"One hundred and ten shares of Ruyland Paper Company stock," returned Fredericka with savage precision.

The number struck the meeting into a dumb structure of amazement. Every one there knew that this was Norval Ruyland's exact holding. Tompkins recovered his legal balance.

"Until the will is probated, any shares devised by the late—"

"The shares are not a bequest. They were a deed—a sale, I mean."

The Grandante's face was quite expressionless as she leaned forward. "Let me see the deed?"

Fredericka handed over the papers to her.

"Great God!" whispered Peter W. 3d to John in a throaty wheeze, audible in every corner of the room. "That gives a majority against us."

The Company counsel was now bending over the Company head, whispering in her ear.

"The sale stands," she pronounced. "Anything further? If not, a motion to adjourn is in order."

"One moment," said the girl: "I've applied for an injunction against the transfer."

Tompkins looked at his watch. "It can't issue to-day."

His assurance was overborne by the Grandante's snarling challenge as she took a step toward the archrebel. "You've done that?"

"Yes. And if you make one move against Choral Three I'll vote all my stock against you on every question until I've brought you to terms."

The assembled Ruylands sat paralyzed. Lèse-majesté had reared its horrid head in the clan.

"Get your injunction and welcome. If

there are enough workmen in Habersham to do it, there won't be any clubhouse on my property this time tomorrow."

Ennion Ruyland leaped to his feet. "Aunt Augusta!" His hands went up like those of a man pleading for mercy. "You can't—"

"I'll keep my word. I'll make a free gift of the property. But there won't be one stone standing on another when the deed passes."

The young man's hands dropped. He began to move, slowly and lifelessly, toward the door. Fredericka confronted him.

"Where are you going?" He winced away from the voice. "I've got to see Enderby," he muttered distractingly. "I've got to explain—"

"Isn't explanation rather superfluous?"

He did not seem to comprehend. "He'll be at the club," he said. "You pick me up there. I want to talk with him."

It struck Fredericka that she too wanted to see Robert Enderby. There were matters between them now that called for explanation. If she could not trust Bob Enderby, whom on a darkened earth could she trust?

People were pressing around her; eager Ruyland faces put questions, made suggestions. Mahlon was assuring her that she held the whip hand now, that the insurgent coalition, augmented by her large block of stock, could dictate terms, could even depose Augusta Ruyland or at least throttle her power. Fredericka wished wearily that they would stop talking. Her heart was so heavy with the shame and wrath of Ennion's treachery that it hurt. At least she could make the old despot sweat for this day's work.

The meeting had adjourned formlessly. In the chair of authority the Grandante sat, quite still. Slowly the room emptied. The old lady sat with her head propped on one jeweled fist, bemused by a vision. What she saw was a mansion of outward pomp and power, but with its supports rotted by long arrogance, worm-riddled by the hidden angers bred of tyranny, weakened by their own rigidity of tradition, a structure doomed from within. If The Rock itself, shot through with the illumination of a lightning flash, had stood starkly revealed as an edifice of pasteboard and glue, she would have experienced no blacker wrath of disillusionment than that which rose within her like a destroying flame.

TO Carter, on the box of the Ruyland barouche waiting outside Factory

Three came Selah B. Ruyland. "I think you'd better go in and get her," said he.

"Yes, suh, Mr. Seel'," assented Carter. But he hadn't the faintest notion of doing so, being far too sapient in self-preservation. He continued to wait. But when he saw Augusta Ruyland at the door, his heart jumped. Her face was perfectly controlled and perfectly rigid except for her eyebrows, which twitched incessantly. Carter quaked. A few times before he had witnessed that symptom, always as the forerunner of devastation. What had they been doing to his ol' missus?

She walked slowly to the barouche while he climbed down. She seemed to be looking at him, but Carter felt like disembodied spirit, like a pane of clear glass under that regard, so sure was he that she did not see him at all. He made the error of saying:

"Ain't you feelin' right, Mis' Ruyland?"

"Certainly. Mind your business."

"Cert'n'y," echoed Carter. He minded his business for sixty vacant seconds, before venturing: "Where to, Mis' Ruyland?"

"What?" "Where'll I drive to?" "Drive to the devil and be damned to your black soul!"

"Yessum," accepted Carter in a strive-to-please tone. "You get in now, Mis' Ruyland?" He insinuated a hand under her elbow. She shook it off.

"You get in," she directed.

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"What if I have been drinking," said Josephus sulkily. "I can talk business. I want that thousand dollars reward"

Ruyland's grand prospective splurge of carefully stage-set surprise. A vote to sell the property to her would, in the final issue, be most effectually for and not against Choral Three. After the meeting and while his great-aunt was warm-spirited with victory, he would obtain her release to tell Fredericka the whole benevolent plot.

The young wife nodded, convinced by that smile. "All right, Ennion. I'll leave it to you."

The morning's mail, on the Saturday of the meeting, brought a note from Mahlon to Fredericka asking her to stay at home so that he might keep touch with her by phone. Something was brewing, he added; he didn't know just what it was, but the old devil was in it. The girl would have called up and assured him that everything was all right but for the arrival of another morning communication, so much more important that it drove everything else from her mind temporarily. It was from the law office of Russell, Russell & King of New York, and had been brought personally by one of the younger associates of the firm. Fredericka was bending every effort to mastering the details thus suddenly presented, when she was called to the phone. Mahlon's usually slow speech, quickened to excitement, said:

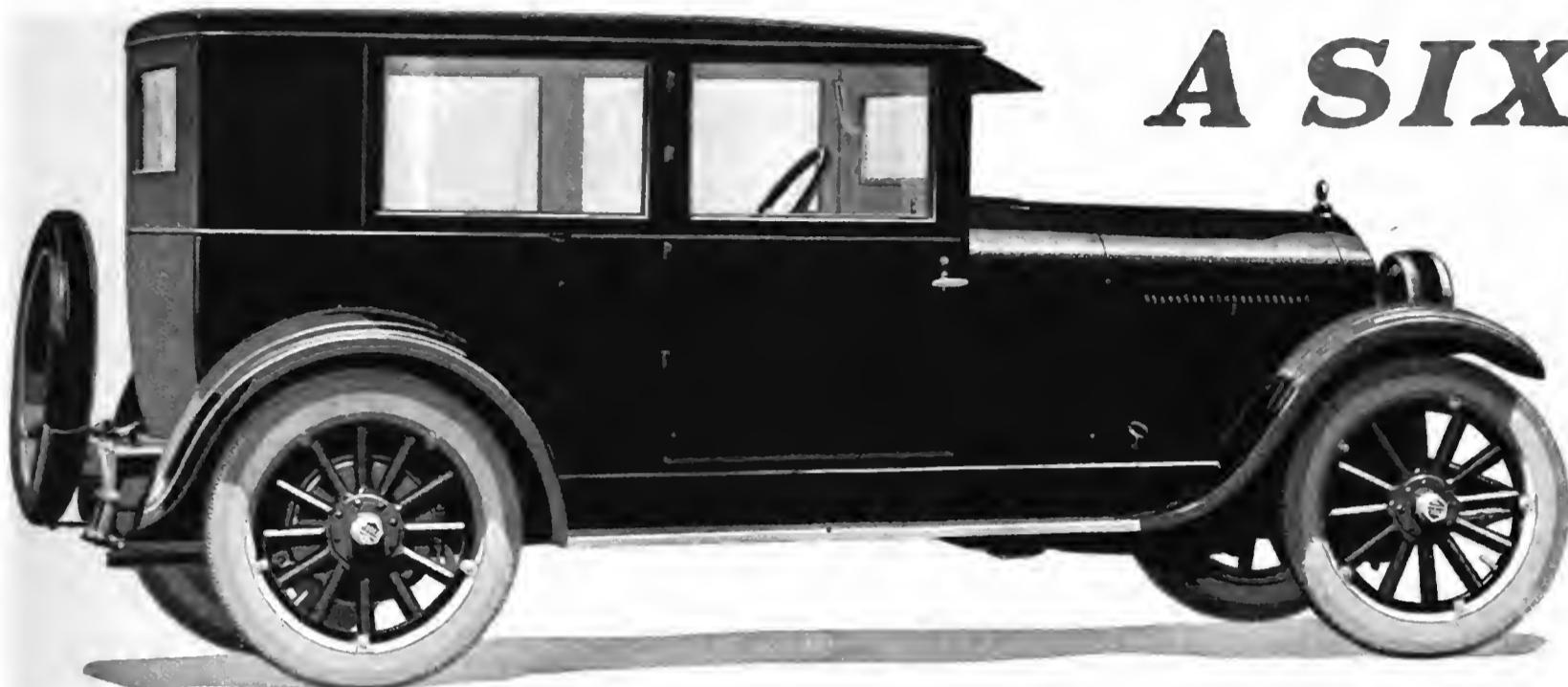
"Can you come here at once?"

"What's happening?"

"Augusta is forcing through a vote

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Carter moaned out: "Oh, Mis' Augusta!"
"Get in!"

Her mouth was a broadened flat line, which a less knowledgeable person might have mistaken for a smile. Not Carter. He still hesitated nevertheless. Her hand fell on the whip. Carter cringed away; his own father had known a Ruyland lash in the way of just correction long after slavery had been officially banished from New England. He crept into his mistress's seat. Augusta Ruyland mounted the box with the agility of a young girl, and took the lines. The whip sang in the air once and again. The outraged horses sprang forward. At the first corner Carter was whirled into the street, lay still for a moment, and then crawled brokenly to the refuge of the sidewalk.

Policeman No. 27 was a veteran of the force. He knew Habersham's traditions of the Ruylands, including one special to the force, of a day long buried in years, the day on which Augusta Ruyland had heard the implacable verdict of science that her son could not live; when, rabid as a stricken dog, she had driven her wild black team of those days in a rabid dog's straight line through the town's main thoroughfare. No. 27 heard, remembered and acted. His whistle shrilled, long, loud, impetuous. Other whistles took up and bore the alarm far down the street. Policeman 27 was in the gutter now, reflecting with his dimming consciousness that the Ruylands would take care of him and his family, whatever happened. He had done his best. It served too. The signal still ran. Habersham was clearing the way for its ruler, run amuck. . . .

OUTSIDE the Habersham Club Fredericka espied the two men whom she sought. They were standing at the curb, near Robert Enderby's closed car. As she drew closer the young wife was struck with the difference in their faces. Ennion's was flushed with strong feeling and, she suspected, another equally strong agency. Enderby's had that hard-drawn look of the man determined at all costs to maintain control of himself. Ennion seemed undecided as to what next to do. It occurred to his wife as quite within the disastrous possibilities that he would swing his clenched hand into the other's face. She hurried forward.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Ennion.

"I want to see Bobby."

"Alone?" The husband's tone was become courteously interrogatory.

"No. With you."

"This isn't the best possible place, do you think?" said Enderby with a quick glance which apprised Fredericka that Ennion was not to be trusted in his then condition.

Siege

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"Can't we get into your car, then?"

"I won't set foot in his car," returned Ennion. "He says I'm a liar."

"I beg your pardon, Ruyland. I haven't said anything—"

"You won't believe that in voting your stock I acted in good faith."

"Nor I," said Fredericka.

"No; you wouldn't," he returned with breathless violence, "being my wife."

"Thank you for remembering it," she returned in an uninterpretable tone.

She turned to Enderby. "Why did you deliver that stock to Ennion?"

"Why not? When I suggested that as a plan you made no objection."

"Did he ask you for the proxy?"

"Certainly not."

She considered that. Was he lying? It would be like chivalrous Bobby, in his care lest he put either her or Ennion in a false position, one toward the other. He would be incapable of assuming, unless, indeed, it were forced upon him, that her husband would take any action hostile to

her interests. Well, that was all right. He at least had played fair, though the results had been catastrophic.

"What did you want to mix up in this business for, anyway, Enderby?" censured Ennion, his eyes hot upon the other man.

A swift temptation, perverse and mischievous, darted into and took possession of Fredericka's mind, ousting her better judgment.

"Yes," she backed up her husband tauntingly; "what did you want to do it for?"

Enderby smiled at her, a smile that faded into wistfulness. "You see," he said gravely, "I happen, unfortunately, to be in love with you. It complicates matters, doesn't it?"

He turned to Ennion a composed face. "It's a thing that happened to me very long ago and has never stopped happening, though I hoped that it would. So, I think, if you'll allow me to turn my stock over to your wife—oh, for any consideration you think fit, of course—I'll leave Habersham and stop mixing up in this affair."

"Don't leave Habersham," said Fredericka, taken unawares.

Ennion looked from one to the other, smiled, and threw up his hand. It was a graceful little motion, too casual for despair, too indefinite for surrender, but suggestive of both; graceful and insouciant, as a fencer after a hurtful thrust might smile as he said "Touché." Oh, Ennion could be game enough in the gestures of life!

"I'm going home," said Fredericka with an effort. She wanted to think.

She turned and saw Juggernaut thundering down the street.

Some miracle of poise and adroitness had held Augusta Ruyland still firm in the high seat. The horses, maddened, were wholly out of control. She had lost the lines and sat there, her face implacable in its calm expectancy, waiting for the outcome with the courage of her pride. Traffic scuttled away before her like small fry before a plunging pike.

From the shock and dismay of that apparition, Fredericka's mind gave one swift recoil, then became instinctively prophetic. She knew what was going to happen; what must obviously happen. No need to read Ennion's startled upflung face for that. He would try to stop the furious blacks, and be killed in the attempt. He would surrender to the Grandante in death as he had in life, and she, his wife, would hate him for it with a remorseful hatred that would poison the rest of her years. He must not do it! She sprang at him with outflung arms to enwrap and hold him. But Ennion, almost as swift of mind as she, read something of her project. He struck aside her groping hands before they could fasten upon him, and was off and up the road to meet the runaway.

"Bob! Stop him!" choked the girl, and was speaking to vacancy. For, a fraction of a second before Ennion, Enderby was sprinting at top speed. Of course! It would be that way. The ancient juggernaut, perched there so calm above human turmoil and agony, was going to kill both, husband and

lover. A sort of clear-sighted apathy possessed her mind. Later she could perhaps reason out what all this meant to her. Now she must see, observe, miss no detail.

Instinct, bred out of long awareness to opportunity, which is the basis of all physical expertness, teaches the trained athlete the best point and fittest method of attack. The two runners spread apart, as if by signal, one on each side, stopped, stood, waited, and at the moment lunged themselves forward and dashed along parallel with the team, snatching at the bridles. There followed a sickening sense of bodies being dragged, fierce hoofs kicking in a cloud of obscuring dust, a crash as the clogged equipage brought up against a stationary automobile at the curb, a wild flurry, shouts, and cries.

Fredericka darted forward, plunged through the rapidly forming circle of the crowd, and saw the Grandante get up from her knees and brush herself off with feline composure. The eyes of the two women met.

"Where is Ennion?" demanded the older.

"Where's Bob?" cried the girl in the first all-forgetting abandon of realization.

ENNION came limping around the automobile where he had been thrown. There was a huddle of clothing half under the collapsed right wheel of the barouche. Fredericka tugged at it frantically; others helped her. A smeared face lifted itself out of the mess, and Fredericka drooped her own to it. "Oh, Bobby!" she whispered. "I thought I'd lost you!"

The face said cautiously: "I think I've sprained my thumb."

The Grandante was issuing curt orders. "Phone for an ambulance, some of you loafers. Get Dr. Stanley, next corner. . . . Ennion, don't rest any weight on that leg. . . . Better lie quiet, Enderby. That's a nasty lump on your head. . . . That offhorse will have to be shot. . . . You man, there, see if you can find a flask under the seat." She covered every point with her practical sense until Dr. Stanley arrived. "This young man first," she directed, pointing to the half-dazed Enderby. Ruylands could wait; noblesse oblige.

"One minute. What's wrong with you, Augusta?" queried the old physician, looking at her narrowly.

"Nothing," she replied.

As if in acknowledgment of his interest, she swept him a slow, elaborate curtsy. But there was no resurgence from the movement. Instead there crumpled at his feet a silky, black whorl against which the whiteness of the set old face looked dull, sparkless, and ominous.

(To be concluded next week)

The Gauze Fluffer

Continued from page 8

"Don't you know who Harry Buscovar is?"

"The name sounds familiar," the girl said vaguely.

"Familiar!" Pat exclaimed. "Why, he's the greatest agent in New York. He can make any act in the business just by hookin' em. If he seen you an' booked you, why, right away you'd be the only livin' gauze fluffer that ever made Isadora Duncan look had at her own game. Why, if he booked you into a house on the big time they'd slip you into a soft spot on the bill an' ballyhoo you with columns of press junk and when you finally come on to do your stuff the people wouldn't dare not to think you were good for fear they'd show their ignorance."

"But how am I going to get a man like that to see me and book me?" Mademoiselle Sylvia asked.

"That's my joh," said Pat. "I only took this string of small time to break in my new act, an' Buscovar told me as soon as I thought I had it smoothed out to leave him know an' he'd jump

out to wherever I was an' catch me. I'll wire him right away that I'm ready, an' when he comes to catch me he'll get you too. See?"

"Do you think he'll like me?" Mademoiselle Sylvia asked anxiously.

Pat hesitated a little before answering. "Buscovar's a nut about classy press stuff," he said. "If I could tell him that maybe if he booked you on the big time you'd be willing to bust that yarn about who your folks are an' how you come to—"

"No!" said Mademoiselle Sylvia vehemently. "No! No!"

"Not even to get on with Harry Buscovar?"

"No!"

"I guess you mean it," Pat said regretfully. "Never mind. We'll make him like you, anyhow."

THAT proved easier to say than to do. Pat telegraphed Buscovar that afternoon, and at the next day's matinée the great agent was on hand. Pat saw him before the show opened

and fervently sang his praises of Mademoiselle Sylvia. Buscovar listened with a tight skeptical grin slightly creasing his fat face.

"They hear different round the booking office. Anyhow, I'll have a look at her."

He sat in the stage box throughout the show, and after the last act had made its effort he went back stage and met Pat again.

"What do you think?" Mahoney asked anxiously.

"Your new act is rotten," said Buscovar. "Your own stuff is all right, but you'll have to get rid of that curly-haired perfume hound of a partner you've got. I bet he mixes a mean soda when he's working at his regular job."

"Oh, never mind about that," Mahoney said impatiently. "I can easy get a new partner if you don't like this one. But what do you think of Mademoiselle Sylvia? Ain't she great?"

"She's rotten too," said Buscovar.

"Now, listen, Harry, don't get off
(Continued on page 28)

she went to Pat with her trouble and told him of it in a small voice while her lips quivered and tears stood in her eyes.

She had received a curt note from the booking office saying that the reports on her act had been uniformly unfavorable and that they would be unable to give her any more time.

"You're over their heads," said Pat consolingly. "You're too good for this small time. Why, say, I'll bet if you was playin' the big houses you'd be toppin' the hill right along."

"But how can I get the chance to play the big houses?" she asked.

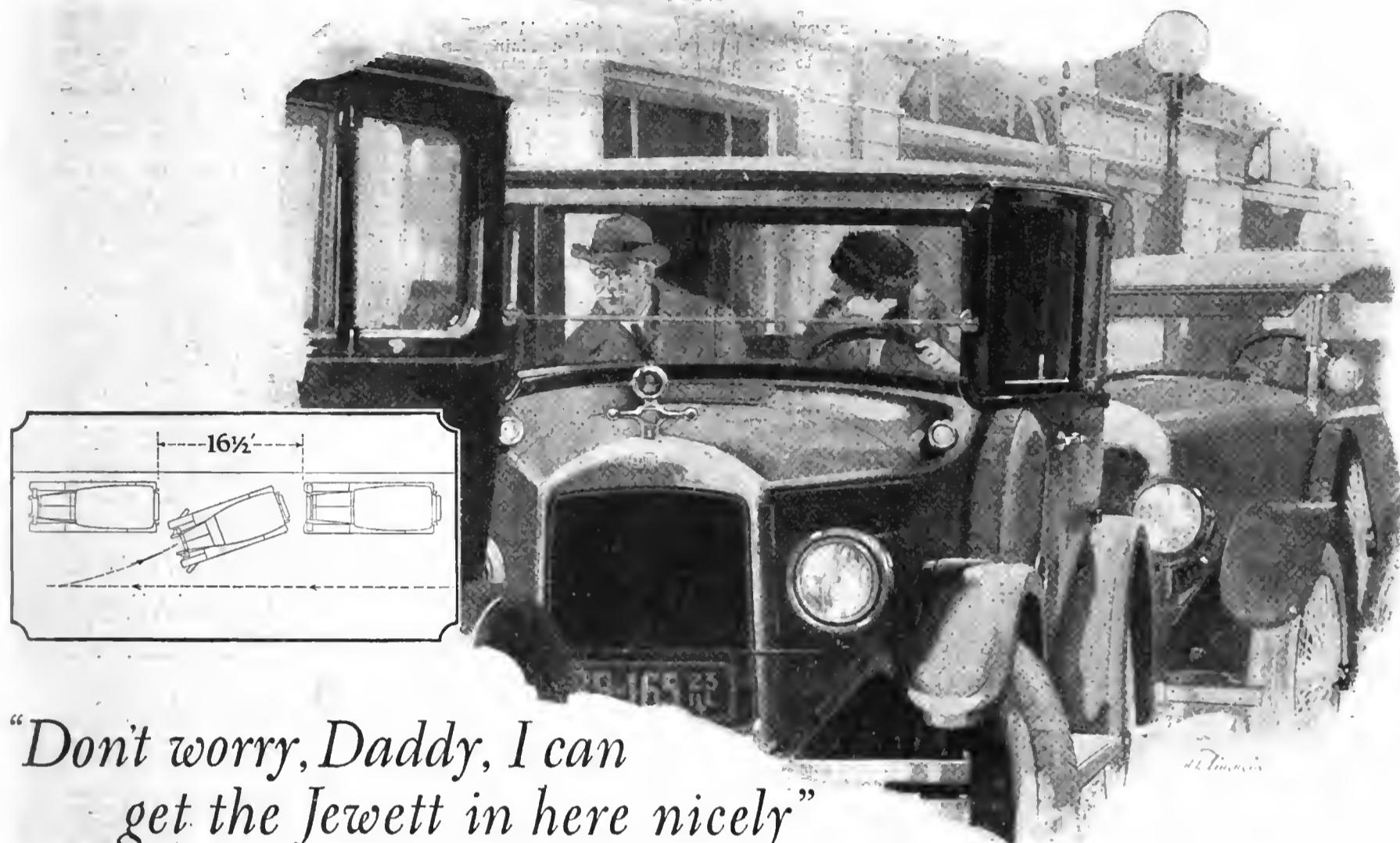
"The right kind of publicity would put you across," said Pat. "Why don't you give the newspapers the story about who your folks are an' how you come to go on the stage an'—"

"Please," she pleaded. "No! No!"

"All right," said Pat hastily. "I got another idea. I don't know if you know it or not, but Harry Buscovar is my agent."

"Buscovar?" inquired Mademoiselle.

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get the Jewett in here nicely"*

WOMEN, and men too, like the convenient size of the New Jewett Six. Jewett tucks itself into handy places that larger cars pass up—converts parking problems into parking opportunities. Its wheel turns easily, thanks to ball-bearing steering spindles.

The New Jewett's all around ease of handling has won friends everywhere. It crawls at 2 miles an hour in high gear—picks up 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high—goes as fast as you dare—takes most any hill on high—for it's a SIX! You rarely have to shift gears—and then it is done easily, due to the smooth Paige-type clutch and transmission—even drop from high to second at 30 miles per hour.

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JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

(601)

this gal too hard till I get a chance to tell you some more about her," Mahoney said desperately. "If you don't like her stuff, you don't like it, an' that's that. But you ought to book her anyhow."

"Sell me that idea!" said Buscovar derisively. "Do that first an' if you get away with it I promise to pay you something down for an option on the Brooklyn Bridge."

"There's a story in her that'd make great publicity," said Mahoney.

"Yes?" said Buscovar. "What is it?"

"I don't know," said Mahoney.

"That's a great story," Buscovar said solemnly. "That ought to dirty up the front page of every paper in New York. I can see it now. 'Stage Mystery. Gauze Fluffer Has Great Story. But No One Knows What It Is. Everybody in Town Stop Work and Guess.' Wonderful, Pat! You ought to quit the stage and turn press agent."

"I mean I know there's a great story in her, but I ain't found out just what it is yet," Pat explained. "I know in a general way, but I ain't got all the details yet."

"Oh!" said Buscovar. "Details! I knew there was something lacking. Well, what's the story?"

"She comes from swell folks," said Pat confidentially.

"Yeh?" said Buscovar. "If she didn't do no better at home than she does on the stage, I bet her folks was sure glad when she come from 'em. What is she? An exiled Russian princess or something like that?"

A startled expression appeared on Pat's face. "Say, you know I wouldn't put it past her, at that," he exclaimed. "I see in a Sunday paper a while back where this country's gettin' crowded with them Russian royalty people that got chased out by the Bolsheviks."

"Haven't you asked her who her folks are?" said Buscovar.

"Sure," said Pat. "But she won't tell."

A gleam of interest appeared in Buscovar's eyes. "Won't tell, heh?" he said. "That sounds like maybe she might be real, at that."

"Sure, she's real," Pat insisted earnestly. "You'll have to put up an awful spiel to get her to tell you who she really is an' how she come to go on the stage an' all that, but if she'll come through for you, you'll have something."

"She'll have to come through with something good if I book her," said Buscovar. "If the Queen of Spain come to me to get booked and couldn't dance no better than this gal, I don't know but what I'd make her start getting a divorce from the King before I'd take her on. Well, let's see this gauze fluffer an' have a talk with her."

"She's at the hotel," said Pat eagerly. "I told her I'd probably bring you there to see her."

"YOU see, it's like this, miss," said Buscovar, as he sat at the table across from Mademoiselle Sylvia in the hotel dining room. "There's got to be some kind of a big story in you or you're cold, see? There was a time a few years back when anybody that could come out on the stage barefoot without much clothes on, and move around a little without getting pinched, could have all the time they could play at good money. But them days is gone by, lady, believe me! It used to be that you had to be a classical dancer and do artistic stuff, or else they wouldn't let you wear no clothes, but now anybody can wear no clothes much and get away with it. And of course the people would rather see a good, snappy, young chicken step out and strut some jazz stuff without much clothes on her than to look at you do that artistic stuff dressed the same way. Now, as I said, if we're going to put you across, what we got to have is some kind of a sensational story about you to get a lot of publicity."

"I see," said Mademoiselle Sylvia mechanically.

"Now, Pat Mahoney, here, tells me you've got some such kind of a story in

The Gauze Fluffer

Continued from page 26

your system," Buscovar went on. "If you have, let's hear it and I'll tell you whether it's good enough to give you a chance or not."

Mademoiselle Sylvia wet her lips with the tip of her tongue nervously and started to speak twice before the words came. "What—what kind of a story do you want?" she asked.

"What kind of a story have you got?" Buscovar replied. "Mahoney here says that you come from wealthy people. He says that maybe you are related to royalty, or maybe you are the daughter of a millionaire. If that's so, then why are you dancing on the stage? Mahoney says probably you're one of those women who got to have a career and will work whether you need the money or not. That's for you to tell us. And if you come from swell folks, why did you come? And did you have a fight before you did and maybe get disinherited or something like that? Come, come! Tell me about it, so I could know if I should use you."

Mademoiselle Sylvia looked reproachfully at Mahoney.

"I done what I thought was for your best interests," Pat protested earnestly in answer to her look. "I promised I wouldn't tell nobody about who you was or what people you come from or nothing like that, and I didn't. I didn't tell him nothing about it. Gawd! I don't know nothin' about it. All I did was tell him to come and ask you would you tell him. Aw, go on, Miss Sylvia! Open up and tell him, won't you? I know you're going to be heartbroken if you don't get by with this stage stuff, and this is the only chance you got to put it over."

Mademoiselle Sylvia turned to Buscovar.

"If I tell you, will you get me plenty of engagements on the big time?" she asked.

"Sure!" said Buscovar. "If it's a good story and we can get lots of publicity on it, why not?"

"Will you give me to-night to think it over?" Mademoiselle Sylvia asked.

Buscovar pursed his lips.

"I ought to get back to New York this evening," he said. "Still—well—all right. Then in the morning, miss, you will let me know for sure if you can tell me the story or not, hey?"

"Yes," said Mademoiselle Sylvia. "In the morning."

"It's a good story, isn't it?" said Buscovar. "I would hate to wait here all night and then have you tell me you was just the daughter of some fellow that only had a couple hundred thousand dollars and didn't amount to nothing. Of course, if your father was maybe a senator or any kind of a big public man that the people know about, that would be all right, even if he didn't have so much money."

"I'll let you know about it in the morning," Mademoiselle Sylvia said faintly.

"Say, what's eatin' you, Harry?" Pat exclaimed indignantly. "Of course it's a good story, whatever it is! Ain't you got sense? Can't you tell by your own eyes that this lady ain't a fake or a four-flusher of any kind? Don't you know real people when you see 'em?"

BUSCOVAR pursed up his lips and looked at his watch. "All right," he said after a little. "Maybe you know something you haven't told me, Pat, and maybe you have just got a good hunch. Anyhow, you're so sure that it will be worth my while that I'll wait over. You know I'm a busy man and I should be back in town, but you never double-crossed me yet, Pat, and so I'll take your tip and stay."

"Atta boy, Harry!" said Pat beaming.

"In the morning then, miss?" said Buscovar, rising.

"Oh, wait!" said Mademoiselle Sylvia, laying a detaining hand on Buscovar's arm and staring distractedly at Pat. "Wait!"

"Yes?" said Buscovar.

Mademoiselle Sylvia's eyes filled with tears. She covered her face with her hands. "Oh I can't!" she sobbed. "I can't do it!"

A characteristically skeptical grin appeared on Buscovar's fat face. Pat expressed only amazed alarm.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I thought maybe I could think up some kind of a good lie to tell Mr. Buscovar and make him believe it and get some booking on the big time," she said brokenly. "But I can't do it when you believe in me so! I am just nobody, Pat. Just nobody at all. When I was nine years old a farmer in New Hampshire took me out of an orphan asylum and adopted me, and then—"

said Buscovar. "They would sit and laugh at you?"

"Yes," said Mademoiselle Sylvia, beginning to sob again. "Oh, I'm through! I'm a failure! People have always laughed at me, and they still do. I can hear them out in the audience snickering. I guess you're laughing at me too, now. Oh, I don't care. I'm through!"

She rushed from the dining room, weeping furiously, and hurried upstairs to her room.

Pat rose from his chair as though to follow. "Why, the poor kid!" he said huskily. "The poor kid!"

Buscovar caught him by the arm. "Did you hear what she said, Pat?" he asked eagerly. "They laughed at her."

"Sure," said Pat grimly. "I heard. I wish I had 'em all here, those boobs that laughed at her! I'd like to take 'em on one by one, damn 'em. I'd make 'em laugh! The poor kid!"

"Don't be a sap," said Buscovar. "You should not want to smash the people that laughed at her. You should want to make them pay money to laugh at her again. Now, listen—I got a hunch! That new partner of yours is a bum. He won't do. You need somebody! Now, listen! A satire on these two-legged male gazelles that pull all this classic bunk. Get her to do her stuff just a little worse than it is now, to help out, and it will be immense."

"The poor kid," said Mahoney, starting for the door. "I get you Harry," he called back over his shoulder. "Great idea. Be a knockout. Wait for me here."



Pat Mahoney's stuff was rough, but funny, vulgar, and effective

"Orphan asylum!" exclaimed Pat.

"Yes," said Mademoiselle Sylvia abjectly. "I told you I was nobody. That's true. I'm just nobody! I worked on the farm until I was sixteen without even the hope of ever doing anything else. And then Priscilla Parsons came to stay with us."

"Priscilla Parsons!" said Buscovar. "The old classic dancer?"

MADÉMOISELLE SYLVIA nodded. "She'd had a nervous breakdown, and she came to our place to rest. She taught me a little about classic dancing and gave me the idea that I might get away from farm drudgery and make a living for myself. After she went away I practiced and practiced and practiced."

"It was harder because everybody laughed at me. My room was too small to work in, so I always had to go out somewhere, and wherever I went somebody would always follow and laugh at me. I got so finally I didn't mind much. I used to practice out in the orchard and just let them laugh all they wanted to."

"Laugh?" said Buscovar with a gleam of interest in his eyes. "Laugh? People watching you would laugh while you was practicing this dancing?"

"All the time," said Mademoiselle Sylvia sadly. "Always. The family, the neighbors, everybody! But I kept at it and finally I got away and got a small engagement and then I—"

"And they would all laugh, hey?"

THREE weeks later in another theatre Harry Buscovar again sat in a stage box watching Mademoiselle Sylvia doing her stuff. Tears of mirth were streaming down his cheeks, and his fat sides ached from the effort of convulsive laughter. Looking weakly at the audience through his befogged eyes, he saw only people in varying stages of near-hysteria. On the stage Mademoiselle Sylvia was solemnly going through almost the same motions that had brought her nothing but failure and despair. They were almost the same motions, but not quite. Each step and gesture was just a wee bit exaggerated, and the result was pure burlesque, so compellingly comic that those who watched were stricken helpless with mirth. Opposite Mademoiselle Sylvia capered Pat Mahoney, bare-legged, but with huge Charlie Chaplin shoes on his feet, a leopard skin around him, a wreath of flowers about his neck, and a dented old stovepipe hat upon his head. A sort of easel on the stage bore a placard informing the audience that the dance the two were doing represented "The Bridal Day of a Bologna." The two dancers finished and left the stage to return and bow and leave and come back and bow and bow again and again and yet again.

And while they bowed hand in hand before the footlights—the orphan girl escaped from drudgery and the man developed from a ragged street kid dancing on New York sidewalks—Harry Buscovar sat in the box with his eyes closed, ecstatically planning their professional future. He knew a winner when he saw one.

A few days later Mademoiselle Sylvia and Pat Mahoney stood in Buscovar's office in New York while the great agent outlined the good things that were in store for them.

"Now, about the billing," he said at last. "How's it to go, Pat? Pat Mahoney, supported by Mademoiselle Sylvia? How's that?"

"Not so good," said Pat. "Let the billing read same as always, only cut the brother stuff. Just call us 'The Mahoneys'."

"Yes?" said Buscovar, with an interrogative inflection.

Mademoiselle Sylvia blushed rosy red and hid her face on Pat's shoulder.

"Um-h'm," said Pat, grinning over her shoulder. "Um-h'm—'The Mahoneys.' That's all."

TEN YEARS' PROGRESS

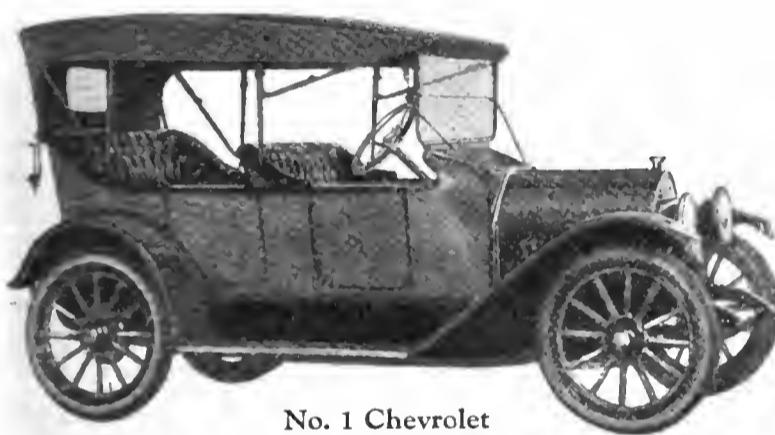
for Economical Transportation



1914

SPECIFICATIONS

Horsepower, S. A. E.	- - - - -	21.7
Weight	- - - - -	2500 lbs.
Tires, 32 x 3½, fabric	- - - - -	(about 4000 miles)
Top	- - - - -	Two-man, with side supports
Gas Feed	- - - - -	Air pressure
Windshield	- - - - -	Folding
Rims	- - - - -	Detachable
Cooling	- - - - -	Thermo system
Rear axle gears	- - - - -	Straight teeth
Oiling system	- - - - -	Splash
Chassis lubrication	- - - - -	Grease cups
Back curtain light	- - - - -	Celluloid
Side curtains	- - - - -	Stationary
Finish	- - - - -	Paint, air dried
Gasoline mileage	- - - - -	About 18
Service brake	- - - - -	Clutch combination
Wiring harness	- - - - -	Open
Insurance rating	- - - - -	B
Terms	- - - - -	Cash
Service stations	- - - - -	About 1000



No. 1 Chevrolet

Price, 1914, \$1000

1924

SPECIFICATIONS

Horsepower, S. A. E.	- - - - -	21.7
Weight	- - - - -	1880 lbs.
Tires, 30 x 3½, fabric	- - - - -	(about 8000 miles)
Top	- - - - -	(Cord Tires on all closed models)
Gas feed	- - - - -	One man
Windshield	- - - - -	Suction
Rims	- - - - -	Double ventilating
Cooling	- - - - -	Demountable
Rear axle gears	- - - - -	Pump circulation
Oiling system	- - - - -	Spiral bevel
Chassis lubrication	- - - - -	Pump, forced feed
Back curtain light	- - - - -	Alemite
Side curtains	- - - - -	Glass
Finish	- - - - -	Open with doors
Gasoline mileage	- - - - -	Baked enamel
Service brake	- - - - -	About 24
Wiring harness	- - - - -	Separate brake pedal
Insurance rating	- - - - -	In conduits
Terms	- - - - -	A
Service stations	- - - - -	As desired
		About 20,000



Present Chevrolet

Price, 1924, \$495

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The reduction in prices have more than doubled the purchasing power of the consumer's dollar, although the specifications and design show marked increase in quality.

Big volume production made these economies possible. Note the ten years' record of Chevrolet sales:

Ten Years' Record of Chevrolet Sales

1914—	5,005	1919—	151,019
1915—	13,500	1920—	155,647
1916—	69,682	1921—	77,627
1917—	125,399	1922—	242,373
1918—	93,814	1923—	483,310

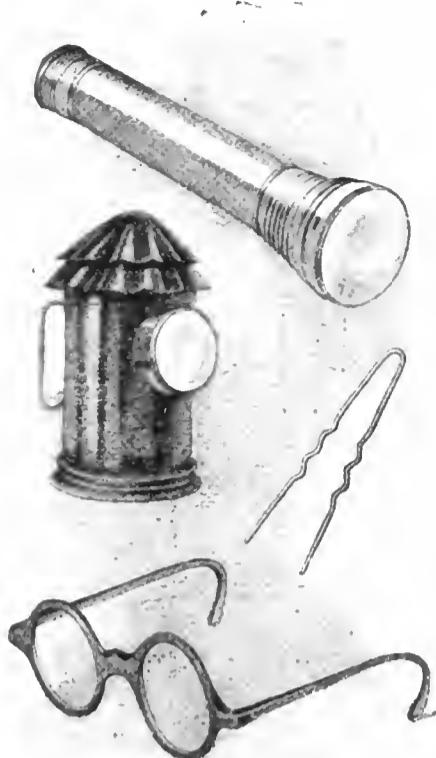
We are the world's largest manufacturers of quality cars, having attained this leadership through offering the utmost possible per dollar value in modern quality automobiles.

Before buying any car at any price See Chevrolet First.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	\$490	Superior Sedan	\$795
Superior Touring	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Utility Coupe	640	Superior Light Delivery	495
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550



What some shavers need

CAP! CAP! Who's got the Cap?"

Answer—Williams'. For Williams' has a cap that you never have to fish for down the drain pipe with a bent hairpin. Nor do you need a burglar's outfit to find it. The Williams' Hinge-Cap is always on—right where you want it.

But even if it weren't for this "always-on" cap, most men would prefer Williams' because—

✓—Williams' lather is unusually heavy and closely woven. It holds the moisture in so that the hairs of the beard are really softened all the way through.

✓—Williams' lather lubricates the path of your razor. There's actually a protecting film between your face and the edge of the blade while you shave. The result is, you get a cool shave free from friction.

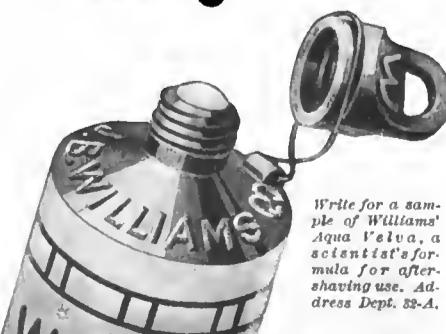
✓—Williams' keeps your face comfortable even when you shave closely every day. It contains a soothing ingredient which gives the skin just the care it needs.

Williams' is absolutely pure and has no coloring matter whatsoever. See if there isn't just as striking a difference in the cream as there is in the Hinge-Cap.

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The J. B. Williams Co., Ltd. (Canada), 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Williams'

Shaving Cream



Write for a sample of Williams' Aqua Velva, a scientist's formula for after-shaving use. Address Dept. 22-A.

our whole trouble—making trouble for ourselves. I told Bones the answer, and he told the men, and they did it then as a matter of course. But we have been amateurs driving ourselves crazy day by day worrying about problems which can always be solved when you get there if you stick at it. Right now we face building an arch and framing the roof. I can't figure out how either can be done. I can't visualize it, and we have worried along about both those coming problems for weeks. Yet I'll bet we beat them both.

November 23—The garage arch is in. We built the centering and chucked the thing in without any trouble at all. All our past worry was done for nothing. A five-dollar-a-day man hopped to the centers and made them in two hours. Then he put them in the forms, and the job of filling went on, like running up an ordinary gable. The mason wanted to put a keystone in. "What for?" I asked. "The architect says we don't need a keystone—it becomes a monolith." "Sure," said Anesi. "But it 'ud look good."

So one of the gang hunted through a pile of rock and found a peach of a keystone for looks, and they set it in.

The carpenters came up to-day and began to roof. I stood around for half an hour and let them ask me questions, or rather tell me how they were going to frame the job. They ended up by asking: "Well, do we do it that way?" I didn't know what to say, so I said: "Sure." That sounds as though I was taking a big chance, but I really wasn't.

Cutting Costs on Collier's House

Continued from page 21

Framing a roof is a technical job. Most contractors don't bother with those things. They don't have to. That's what you hire a carpenter for. Yet we stewed about it and stewed.

The fact of the matter is that an honest man—trying to do an honest job with ordinary intelligence and with the conviction that the technicians behind him (the architects, engineers, mechanics, as well as the laborers) like to see good work done and are capable—can drive through a job like this. We have become more and more expert. We can set forms at twice the speed we started doing it. We can build walls, gables, chimneys, and fireplaces, using forms throughout, and when we get through have to our credit a beautiful, enduring job, not only in looks, but in actuality.

November 27—As I look back I realize that I would not have had the colossal nerve to try this job without experience had I known what I faced. But things can't be faced in one wallop like that. The process of building a house is one of attrition, as the army used to say. You keep on humping, consult your blue prints and your technicians, check everything over, night and morning, and there you are. Perhaps that is too simple. The fact is that Flagg's methods are simplified methods, and much of our success, perhaps all, is due to his experimental work.

Yet my first housebuilding job, when I first became interested in the thing

and first heard of Flagg, was a clapboard, frame house, in which I live to-day, which is warm and snug and comfortable. I had no Flagg then, I had no contractor, and we did the job pretty well, with great economy. What we have been shy on here is efficiency. I can cut these costs when I do it again. But I can never build walls any more beautiful.

December 4—The walls are done. The whole countryside has been up to look over the job. I counted to-day that we have had sixty visitors. Roy Baldridge, the artist who built himself a stone house near by, came up among the visitors and later told a friend of mine that he thought Collier's house the most beautiful in Westchester County. Allowing for enthusiasm we all have over new things, I'm pleased just the same.

Collier's staff has been up, and they think it fine to look at.

I went in to see Flagg yesterday, and he says the house will cost me ten thousand dollars. I still hope to beat that. But the Building and Loan man who came up to inspect, to see if they would take a mortgage for me, said it looked to him, as an expert, like a house that would cost \$22,000 in Westchester County, New York. He thought it was fine, and, of course, he is familiar with the blue prints.

The financing of the house has been left in my hands, to make the whole job a typical one such as any householder would do. I've had troubles. I still have a good supply of financing troubles. But I think now that I have the problem solved. The next few days will tell.

Julian

Continued from page 4

couldn't see it; and she had come home a failure and a joke, and had fallen ill to prove it wasn't her fault she had failed.

And that she had married Father at last on a mere selfish impulse, people thought, in order to have some one all her own to pity her and make much of her. And that in their belief her ailment was the Hypo, and nothing else.

This, or what he could have grasped of it, Old Hyena-Face could have told him. But Old Hyena-Face was not at hand. The Jerseys gazed on his misery with incurious Jersey eyes. Back on the hill a farmer's hound lamented. It got dark, and he was called in and went to bed. Through the partitions came the steady murmur of "Mother's" pathos and ineffectual soothing notes of Father's deeper voice. Probably they were talking about him.

He dreamed he was swimming gloriously, swimming across the lake. It was fine, just as easy and something like flying, and Chicky on the dock was watching him in envy, and Father was over so pleased and would get him a fishing rod like Chicky's, instead of the bamboo pole he had to use.

In the morning he kept out of Chicky's way. From afar he saw him go down with Mr. Gibbons in their bathing suits. At dinner time he heard Mr. Gibbons boasting to another man: "By George, that boy of mine takes to it now like a duck! Ran right in and dog-paddled, let me show him how to float!"

After dinner it was expected of him to stay away from the cottage and do nothing in particular. But he saw Mr. Gibbons with rods and Chicky with a bait pail and a landing net. That was too much for flesh and blood, and he reconnoitered the cottage porch on tiptoe. She was lying down inside. Father was alone.

He knew it was hopeless, but he whispered, "Dad, now can we go fishin'? Can we?"

Father looked at him without seeing him. "Fishing? No."

Chicky and Mr. Gibbons came back with the landing net heavy with their catch. Chicky had caught the biggest one and was bursting to tell about it. "Wish you could have been along, Julian!" said Mr. Gibbons.

The fathers returned to the city by the early morning boat, and for Julian a doubly wretched week began. He and Chicky were the only kids at the Inn. Doing things with Chicky had been all the good time he had. Now Chicky went swimming twice a day and fished between. He could fish from a rowboat now if he stayed near the point and it wasn't windy. He had no more taste for the insipid things that Julian could do, and Julian must avoid him or be patronized and taunted.

He couldn't avoid him altogether. Chicky was not intentionally insufferable every minute. But his talk was of fishing and swimming, especially swimming, and usually it took some such turn as this: Gee, it was hot. He felt like a good old swim. Come on down watch him. "Say, ask your mother if you can go in, huh? Well, ask her. Gosh darn it, you can ask her, canta?" Why not? Don't you dast to ask, even? Aw, ya big baby. Afraid to ask his mah-ma, afraid to ask his mah-ma—"

Julian had scrapped, but not lately. Scraps and the consequent grown-up embroilments were extra distressing to "Mother," and the heart for them had been pretty well humiliated out of him.

If he did get mad enough he didn't go at it boy fashion, commencing with, "You wanna fight?" and goading Chicky into fighting. He would make a blind rush like a girl's, and he was awkward on his feet, and Chicky would dance away and singsong on. Chicky didn't want to fight. He was having too much fun.

OLD Hyena-Face came across one of these episodes. Chicky's refrain of the moment was: *"Can't swim, hick'ry limb, can't swim, hick'ry limb,* with a diabolical snapper on the end of it: *"No, my darling Jul-ia!* Enough to drive you to the ultimate disgrace, to weeping with futile rage and throwing stones. He was very near it.

Old Hyena-Face watched her chance and spoke to him. "Bub," said she, "that'll be worse before it's better. What you a-going to do?" She seemed to have more to say, but he lowered at her and turned his back on her.

What was he going to do? He didn't know. He spent three days with a

leaden ball of trouble in his stummick. He couldn't forget it except when he was asleep, and when he woke up he was miserable almost before he remembered why. He moped, and was so "good" that she had little fault to find, and once even offered him candy.

Chicky's "Hello, Julia," he pretended not to hear. He had ferocious visions of laying for Chicky and beating him up. They didn't last and weren't convincing. He tried to feel as brave as a lion, and made a hollow job of it. In Chicky's presence he didn't succeed at all.

Chicky was brave. Chicky dared do anything. Could swim.

If you could swim—
He arrived at that stage on Friday, and stopped pouting and began to reason. It wasn't through bravery that Chicky could swim, it was because he'd fallen in and had to. Until he had fallen in he'd been as scared in the water as you were—so if you were to take and learn all by yourself you'd be braver than he was, by Golly! He couldn't call you Julia then.

And Father—
Well, of course Father wouldn't take you fishing or things like that. He would sit by the hammock as usual looking anxious and sympathetic. But he'd like it just the same; he wouldn't be ashamed of you about it any more maybe he'd let you fish off the dock and maybe you'd catch the big bass—

Up he jumped, so full of it that i was accomplished and he was for going at once to crow to Chicky. They he realized and sobered. He hadn't learned yet. Never mind; he would

Motions had been shown him, a sweep of the arms, a complicated frog kick. He nearly flopped down then and there but he thought of grass stains and ran to his room to practice on the bed. On the way he had another inspiration. The worst part in the lake was when your face went under. You sniffed up water and aches pierced your head and—you hollered and clutched Father's arm and begged.

He poured his washbowl full to the brim. He slopped some on the floor. She heard him: "Julian! What are you doing?" He answered in meek and virtuous tones that he was getting

Kind words from a smoker in far Australia

There is something besides
distance that lends enchant-
ment to this letter

A more modest manufacturer might not print this letter. He might file it away to bring out only on dull, gloomy days.

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ready for dinner. It was one of her distresses that he had to be told to wash.

He took off his necktie and clenched his teeth and plunged his face in the bowl. Panic had him instantly; he snuffed, he ached, he shied like a frightened colt. More water slopped. "Julian! Do be careful." He got hold of himself. "Yes, Mother, I am," he cooed.

He made another trial and the same thing happened. Darn it, he could do it. He remembered having seen a fellow hold his nose to dive, and he rolled up his sleeve and held his. That worked slick—it wasn't a bit bad, only you couldn't breathe.

But you'd have to have both hands to swim.

He puzzled, then took a deep breath and sort of set it. Oh, Boy, that worked too, no aches or anything. He did it again and again and again, to get used to it.

"Hurry, Julian. There's the bell."

He hurried. After dinner he came back and rehearsed those motions. He couldn't seem to make them right—when his arms did his legs didn't. Gee, if you couldn't do it here you'd never do it in the lake. He sat up, discouraged. Hold on, though; had Chicky done all this stuff? It hadn't looked so, the way he'd thrashed and splashed. Chicky dog-paddled. Was this dog-paddling? How do you dog-paddle?

He put his pride in his pocket and went and humbled himself to Chicky. He swallowed "Julia" and worse with a sheepish grin. Did Chicky think of going swimming? If so, he would fain admire. Chicky was lordly but glad to show off. Let Julian stick around a while and maybe he'd go in. Julian stuck around for an hour, eating dirt and returning soft answers, and got what he wanted, a bird's-eye view from the approach to the dock.

Huh! Nothing to it but pawing and kicking, one arm at a time and plain kicks! Chicky graciously floated for him also, and obliged with some wallowing and floundering that he said was the 'Stralian Crawl, and between feats cuffed water up at him, reminding him that he couldn't do like this.

He didn't care. As far as dog-paddling went he was sure he could, so sure that he quivered in the grip of a wild and terrifying impulse. Why not jump off the dock right now and settle it?—why not? He was almost tempted to; he stared with pop eyes at the spiles and the diamond flashes of the ripples as hapless birds are believed to stare at snakes. But caution talked him out of it hastily. Suppose he shouldn't swim. People didn't, always; a kid he had known had fallen off a bridge and been drowned. And if he should, what good would it do him, except in Chicky's esteem? He'd go up all wet, she would be crazy, Father wouldn't understand—

At bottom he knew he hadn't nerve enough. Well, neither would Chicky have had for that, he told himself. Still it left him feeling cheap and uneasy near the dock. He yawned and stretched in an awful manner intended to look nonchalant, and guessed he'd go and find some lucky stones.

Chicky haw-hawed. "Getcher dolly, Julia! Getcha some sugar in a rag!"

AWAY across the point, out of sight of Inn and cottages, was a cove, presided over by a balm-of-gilead tree as tall as a church and so broad that its top was like a dark green thundercloud. This colossus, two trees really, stood at the water's edge. Leafy suckers sprouted into a thicket from the roots, and if you pushed in among them you found, between them and the buttressed trunks, a peach of a place to hide, where no one would be likely to trespass on your privacy. The road was close by, but on account of a jungle of sumachs and elders the best way to get there was along the beach, and people seldom strolled on the beach on sunny afternoons.

A fellow could undress and put on his bathing suit in there—

Fellows used to swimmin' holes and gyms and the like might not have been

so finicky. Never since babyhood had Julian thought of doing such a thing as showing himself in the light of day undressed. Besides, to be unsuspected he'd need a towel and his brush and comb.

He could go sneak 'em out of the cottage. Wouldn't be hard, if she was lying down. But as he stood on a root that ran into the water and looked at his reflection, he discovered that planning and imagining a brave exploit was one thing and being face to face with it was different.

All sorts of excuses for backing out tugged at his blouse. He might get Cramps. You wanted to be careful about Cramps—

Get sunstroke, maybe. You could—

Some other day—

Yet he knew he was going to do it to-day; he felt it coming on, as one who has eaten hot dogs and ice cream feels retribution and upheaval coming.

HE shuddered and knelt on the root and dipped his nose in. Worked all right. Smelled fishy, kind of. He filled his lungs with the big tree's gummy sweetness and dipped again. And up spoke a voice: "Oh, Julian, I wouldn't drink the water, deah—I don't believe it's good for little boys!" And there in a grounded rowboat was Miss Hinsdale, a soulful spinster, come to read poetry and be romantic. She was within a few yards of him. He hadn't seen her.

Reprise! Couldn't do it with her there! "No, m'am," he said, "I'm not," and pretended that he was just washing his face, and scrubbed it with his handkerchief.

But Miss Hinsdale's soul wished solitude un vexed with little boys, and she pushed off and gracefully rowed away, calling, "Don't disturb the birds' nests, will you, deah?"

Why hadn't she stayed? Setting out for the cottage was tough after that moment of relief.

He finally did set out, dawdling, eating berries he didn't want, examining spider webs and mullein stalks that didn't interest him. It was nearly five o'clock before he stole into his room, and then he couldn't find the darned old bathing suit. It must be she had put it in a trunk. The coast was clear, but . . . wouldn't it be wrong to open trunks?

All evening and some of the night an imp with a pitchfork kept him squirming. He couldn't crawl out of reach of it. Excuses didn't go. If you had been brave you could dog-paddle now, and to-morrow night Father was coming, and you could have asked Father please to take you in the water, and you hadn't annoyed her this week, so he'd have done it, and then you'd have sprung your surprise and swum as if for the first time—

But you hadn't been brave. You'd backed out. Scarecat. Julia. (Aw-aw, Gee!) Big baby—

Saturday was unmercifully hot. After noon it was baking, and dead still. He made another half-hearted search, he lifted the lid of one trunk. Then he relapsed and took to the woods up the hill behind the Inn, promising himself to have some fun—catch a chipmunk, maybe—and go where he needn't look at the darned lake.

But no chipmunks were abroad, and he couldn't look at anything but the lake, and his legs of their own accord dragged him to a hogback overlooking the beach of the cove and the big tree. Miss Hinsdale wasn't down there. Nobody was, or would be while it was so hot.

He loitered on the hogback, gulping and perspiring, for ages. At last he took a faltering step downhill—not back toward the cottage, straight down.

Twenty minutes later a skinny little figure, innocent of a bathing suit as when it had been born, slipped out between the big tree's rough trunks and hitched along the root that ran into the water. Cramps or no cramps, "Mother" or no "Mother," Julian was going in. He had had all the pitchfork he could bear.

He was trembling, his eyes were saucers, fear kicked in his throat, but

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he was going in. How he was to get dry and brush his hair he didn't know and it didn't matter; if he'd waited to go for the things he'd have backed out again. Whether he would swim he didn't know. He had to try. He had to go in.

He stood up, feeling horribly naked. Was anyone looking? Apparently not. He peered into the shallows. Schools of minnows fleeted out, a crawfish moved among the stones, the clean brown bottom gradually dropped away and dimmed until there was only surface and reflection of the sky.

Bunkings of oarlocks carried across the glassy, dusty water. He couldn't see the boat, but they might see him. Better get back—no, he mustn't—get under, quick. He stepped in, ankle deep. Ooh, how cold! He hadn't thought it would be cold. You wanted to wet your head, and he did, and the tricks gave him goosepimples. Never mind that. Go in.

He went in very slowly and very, very gingerly, nursing his feet against sharp stones, hating the icy rings that climbed his legs. Knee deep he stopped, but that oarlock noise seemed louder. Have to hurry. He hurried in a spasm and stepped on a slimy flat rock.

Afterward, what he did next beside choking and spluttering was vague to him. He found himself, not in his dressing room in the tree, but up the beach beyond, in a lair of scratchy bushes and a smell of ripe raspberries hot in the sun, cuddling himself and whimpering like a punished puppy.

Ooh, ooh, ooh; no more for him as long's he lived; what had he ever done to them, the gosh darned mean old fools, that they should make him take his clothes off and fall down in the darded old lake—

He was tenderly sorry for a poor little boy compelled to take his clothes off and fall down.

Bugs hummed. A catbird yahed at him. A cowbell clonkalonked dolefully, far away. The oarlock noise grew fainter, and he sat up. Father would be told to-night of this monstrous deed of his. Chicky would keep on calling him Julia and nobody would care. He couldn't stay here all wet. His teeth were chattering.

S'pose it had been deep where he'd fallen. S'pose it had been off the dock. Maybe he'd have swum. Would he have swum?

Nothing but water anyway. Doesn't hurt if you hold your breath. All you got to do is paw and kick—

It took a long, long time, at least five minutes; and they may have been the most important minutes of his life, inasmuch as at the end of them he crept forth from the bushes and marched—a scroochy, shivery, drowned-rat style of march, but a determined one—over the beach to the water's edge, and in.

The hot smooth pebbles felt good to his feet. Then the water was warmer than he was. He kept an eye out for flat rocks, but he waded steadily, and when he was deep enough squatted and let the warmth cover him. Gee! Not so bad. Kind of nice. That catbird was reviling him. "Aw, yah yerself, ya big dumb-bell!" he muttered manfully.

He put his face under and held it as long as he could. He waxed bold and soused his whole head under; didn't like it; didn't hurt, though. Come on, now. Come on. He went out up to his waist and turned toward shore. The ripples of his wake made sun stripes chase each other on the bottom. He reminded himself of dealings with crawfish. They wouldn't pinch your toes.

He stooped and pawed as Chicky pawed, and tried to make his legs go. He could paw, but his feet would stay down, or would drop and catch him. He moved in where it was shallower and put finger tips to the bottom, and found that he could kick but couldn't paw.

Ought to go deeper? Come on! Backing out to arm-pit depth was serious business. He tried and tried there and couldn't leave his footing.

Quit for to-day? He had done a big thing. He'd come in.

But quitting somehow didn't appeal to him. Chicky had fallen in where it was over his head. How about going deeper yet, and making believe it was?

He screwed up his nerve for a minute, then stepped back, stepped back, stepped back. It took the very last volt of latent gumption that he had. After each inch-long step he wanted to stop and call this deep enough, and after each one he made himself take another. He didn't stop until the water was honestly up to his neck.

Oh, but that was scary, plain stark scary! He looked up in the big tree with all its glossy leaves so still, and into the sky where twittery birds were racing. He couldn't do it—he'd got to do it—he gasped in breaths to hold for it and let them flutter out again, yearning to wade ashore, yearning to believe that an ache from a bruise was a Cramp.

Got to. Got to—
He oohed and mumbled a fragment of his long neglected prayers. He caught a breath quickly and shut his eyes and let himself topple forward.

Down he went in smother and goggle and streaky greenish glare, arms and legs working for dear life. He didn't know how they were pawing and kicking, only that they were; he kicked bottom once and kept by the hardest from dropping his feet to find it; he was frantic to get his head out and he thought he never would; and then he did, and it stayed out, and he wasn't touching anything; and suddenly he knew that he was swimming.

When it seemed he must burst he let down. Waist deep! He started from there and swam again, not having to go under. He hurried back out and did it some more, and some more. Five or six strokes was the limit, but he could swim.

Oh, Boy! He could swim!

AND just as he was dying for some body to crow to, a hail came, "Well, Bub! Good for you!" and out of the jungle stepped Old Hyena-Face, looking like a brigadier in a white cotton dress.

"I can swim, Mis' Thurber! I can swim!"

"You certainly can. It's fine," she said. "I saw you. Next time don't hold your breath and you'll swim further. I know. I've got boys, grandsons too."

"N-n-not hold my b-b-breath?"

"No. Just breathe right along. You better come out, though, now. You're getting cold."

He was, and he was tired when he stopped to think of it. But he had to go up to his neck for one more trial. Remembering to breathe as he pawed and kicked was hard, but he managed to do it, and lo, he swam like sixty, all the way in, and ran aground.

"That's the checker! Now out with you, quick."

He crouched on all fours in the water. "I c-c-can't come out, Mis' Thurber!"

"You can't? Oh, I see. Excuse me, Sir, excuse me. I will spare my blushes," she said gravely, and turned her broad back while he scampered for the concealment of the tree.

And now what was he going to do?

"Got a towel, Bub?"

"N-n-no, m'am."

"Then just you play I'm your grandma and stay where you are." She crashed into the thicket, paused to tussle with something, seized him. "Petticoats were made before towels, I guess. You're blue and your chin's a-choppering, and we want you nice and dry."

"Thought you'd spunk up 'n' kill those snakes of yours yet! Old Hyena-Face woulda told you how before this, if you'd let her. . . . There, there, it's all right, it's all right—a little mite rough on the hyenas. . . . Now hustle those clothes on. My, but an't it splendid you can swim!"

He discovered that he liked her better than any one else in the wide world. He confided his plan about Father, and she said it was a fine one, and promised to be on hand for the surprise. "They



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can't call you a sissy," she declared. "Why, you 'most had me anxious there once—thought I'd have to wade in!" He was terribly, bustingly happy. The whole thing was coming true.

And then it was spoiled. They were out in sight of the road, and she was combing his hair with a side comb, when—

When a sunshade appeared, shading "Mother's" most ominous suffering expression.

Where had he been? How could he make her look all over for him in this heat? Didn't he know his father was coming, and he must— Oh! (Trust her to take in the comb and his damp hair and the wet petticoat.) "What have you done? Have you fallen in the water? Has he, Mrs. Thurber?"

Spoiled. She'd have one of her headaches, and Father would— Well, he was brave. He had swum.

He saw Old Hyena-Face stiffen her nostrils. Before she could answer something new and rigid spoke from him. "I didn't fall in. I went in."

"Oh-h," breathed "Mother," pressing a hand to her brow. "Oh, I can't bear—"

"Bub," said Old Hyena-Face, abruptly, "you skip along while I talk to your Ma."

"Go straight to your room!" said "Mother."

HE supposed he might as well. There was no place to run away to.

He could hide, but Father would find him and he wasn't a scare-cat anyhow. Going, he heard a pained and lofty, "What is it, Mrs. Thurber?" and an answering, "Now see here," like snapping sticks. He guessed Old Hyena-Face was standing up for him. It wouldn't be any use, but he'd do a lot for her, you bet!

He took his time and scuffed the dust. The voices went on, hers with emphasis. He passed out of hearing, looked around and saw her coming after him. He let her catch up.

"Well, Bub, I've broke my rule of a lifetime," she said grimly. "I've freed my mind on other folks' private affairs!"

He didn't understand.

"I judge I ain't done much harm by it, though. She wants you should come back."

He shook his head.

"Oh, yes, I would if I was you. You do it, to please me."

After a while he said all right, and uttered his last request. Would she tell Chicky Gibbons he could swim? "I certainly will," she assured him, and he went back.

The first odd thing he noticed was that she was sitting down, was all in a heap in the grass like a little girl. The next was, she was crying, just boo-hooing—not the way she cried for Father's benefit.

She lifted a piteous face to him. He met it with a stony one. "Oh," she wailed, "have I been bad to you?—have I? I've nev—I've never meant to be—never meant—"

He wasn't sure what she meant now, unless she meant to make him sorry and get him promising not to do horrid things that made her head ache. She'd tried that on him once before; there was a different look about her this time, but he knew her. If she thought she was going to fool him again, she wasn't, that was all. He wasn't even going to stay and listen.

He left her imploring him to and boo-hooing afresh. In front of the Inn he passed Chicky, who gaped at him as if he had been a celebrated murderer, and said, almost bashfully, "Hey, is 'at straight? Ja swim?" He blazed at Chicky: "You call me Julia 'n' I'll smash your face!" and waited. Chicky did not call him Julia. He proceeded to his room.

He began to hear the steamboat coming, miles down the lake, but coming. Let it come. Let Father be awful mad—he would!—and do his worst. Father didn't do very much as a general rule, but had been known to whip him for merely busting a darned old window, and now not only had he criminally gone in the water alone and naked, but

he had sassied her, and because of him she had been talked to and upset. He wasn't sorry, either, and he wouldn't say he was, and whatever Father might do he wouldn't cry.

Taking him home to the city had been threatened. He didn't care if they did. A nightmare place called Reform School hadn't been so much as mentioned, but he'd heard of it, kids had told him—a jail, for hardened offenders like him. If they took him home first maybe he'd have a chance to run away. You could, in the city, and he had funds there, a dollar and five cents of his own in his pig bank.

THE steamboat chugged louder, louder. She came in and came upstairs. He darted to his door and locked it. She heard him; she sighed heartbrokenly: "Oh, Julian!" He kept still. She fussed around a while, bathing her eyes and prinking, he supposed, and then went out, and from his front window he saw her go down to the dock.

He saw Chicky's mother and Chicky go down, among the other people. After that he didn't want to look. Thinking about what might have been, if she hadn't had to spoil it, gave him a kind of an empty feeling—not that he was going to cry. He heard the boat toot for the landing, stop her engine, bump the dock, and the swash of her swell on the beach, and the tie ropes creaking. Father would be getting off now; was off; she was starting on. He unlocked the door (he wasn't afraid!) and waited.

And waited and waited and waited. The people came up, chattering and laughing, but no Father. Everything outdoors got quiet again. No Father. Could it be that Father hadn't come? At last he peeped. She and Old Hyena-Face were together in the gate house, and Old Hyena-Face seemed to be mothering her and patting her back—and so his only friend had turned against him. Father's suitcase was there; he had left it there and was coming on the run, too awful mad to have waited to bring it, even.

Julian couldn't move, couldn't swallow. Remember, now. You'd swum and you were brave—

Father came up the cottage steps in one jump and the stairs in three. Then he tiptoed and halted, listening apparently. Then—then he knocked, the gentlest knock, on the door. He knocked on the door! A breath would have blown Julian over backward.

"Son?"—very softly. "It's Dad. I want to hear about the swimming. It's—it's bully, old man. Will you let me in?"

Julian's dry tongue clicked out: "Tisn't locked."

Father took a look at what confronted him, and groaned. It was principally whites of eyes, but it was game. He laid a hand on a shoulder that flinched, found that awkward and desisted. "Old man, you don't understand," he said. "It's all a misunderstanding. . . . It's my fault. I've . . . Don't you see what I mean? We've got all twisted up—"

He stuck.

He tried again. "Mother . . . she didn't . . . she's not used to boys. . . . She knew how I'd feel if anything happened to you, and so . . . and so—" He exploded. "Oh, confound it! Don't you mind; we'll get it straightened out!"

Horrible speechless embarrassment. Neither of them could look at the other. The supper bell rang, and a sociable voice outside bawled: "Jule! Hey, Jool-ul!" Father stepped to the window. "He'll be down in a minute, Chicky."

"Hey, Mister Baker, can he go fishin' with me 'n' Pa to-morrow?"

"Fishing? Why—" Father was inspired—"why, yes, if he wants to." He turned and addressed himself lightly and fluently to the carpet. "I'm going fishing to-morrow, myself. That's what I came up to speak about. I'm going to have a swim before breakfast and fish all day, cook dinner on shore. It's not much fun alone, you know. I thought perhaps you'd go with me?"

It was then—it was then, coming into his kingdom—that Julian let go all holds and broke down and cried like a darned old baby.



JOHN A. CLOW

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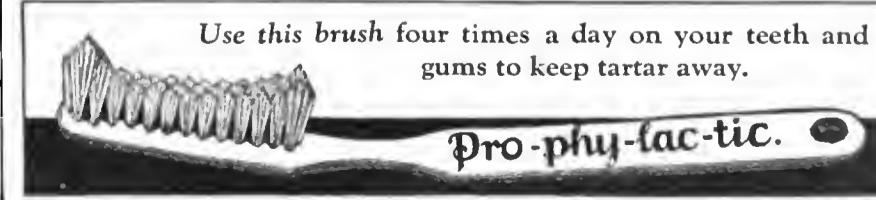
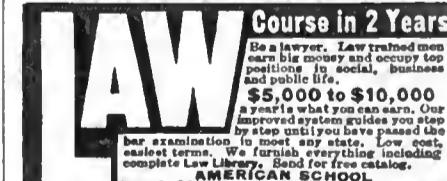
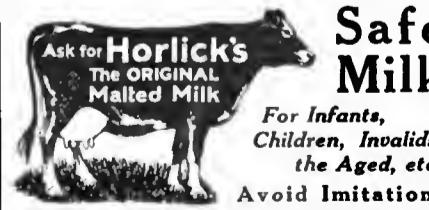
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THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

WHAT do you think of the peace plan that won Mr. Bok's prize? Probably you have expressed yourself for or against it on one of the ballots printed on this page these last two weeks, but now let's have your views expanded a little. Meanwhile, here's an amusing letter on peace plans in general:

A Footnote to History

To the Editor of Collier's:

Opinions and theories about peace and peace plans are interesting, naturally. But the real situation reminds me of school days in a badly upset region about the time of the Civil War. That was a school where nearly all the boys fought nearly all the time.

John and Jim were strong and active, fearless, and each with a good fighting record. They were standing side by side in the playground. Ethelbert suddenly pushed John against Jim. Instantly both were bristling. Ethelbert turned pacifist at once. He was a politician. He never fought and did not believe in fighting. He gave his voice and influence against it. "Aw, what's th' use of fightin'? A little thing like that ain't nawthin' to git a black eye for," and when Jim seemed about to hit John and the latter was squaring off, Ethelbert turned to him: "Aw, what's the use, John? That's not worth a bloody nose."

The two were ready with their fists, but still fighting with words, when Ethelbert called out: "Aw, sticks is no fair!" Sure enough, there was a good stick right at John's feet, and John got it. Again Ethelbert, standing for a fair deal, called out: "And rocks isn't no fair either!" And immediately Jim picked up two. Other boys, disapproving of rocks, caught Jim, and Ethelbert approved: "That's right, hold him; he'd oughtn't to hurt John for such a little thing." John was furious at the suggestion that he needed to be protected, and told them to let go of Jim. Ethelbert, still uncertain if he had said and done enough to insure peace, agreed that it was all right to let go and expressed his assurance that there would be no fight because, "One's afraid and t'other dasset."

The fight that followed involved numbers and lasted until the war came to the cognition of the teacher. According to the teacher, Ethelbert was the model boy of the school. John and Jim met after school and fought it out till they were discovered by a passer-by at supper time. They were lying on the ground, but each would hit out as hard as he could whenever he saw or heard the other move. It was discovered afterward that they could not be induced to fight each other. A wholesome respect took the place of any petty jealousy or suspicion of unfairness.

S. T. M., La Porte, Ind.

Without comment on the moral, we find the story hard to swallow. How long would a boy named Ethelbert have lasted in that school?

A Medical Ally for "Dad"

To the Editor of Collier's:

The disadvantages of early marriage have been stressed and shouted from the rooftops so much that the advantages have been lost sight of. Romance is for youth. Young people under twenty-three years are susceptible, they view everything with rosy glasses. Every girl is pretty to a boy and every young

ATTENTIVE READER of this issue will discern another wholesome difference of opinion between our contributors. George Creel approves the sale of munitions to Mexico. Mr. Darling's cartoon shows the folly and risk of arming less-civilized peoples. Still a third view prevails, and we have asked Dr. Ernest Gruening, who recently spent six months in Mexico as Collier's representative, to state it. He says:

Without question, Secretary Hughes picked the right side in the present Mexican difficulty. Nevertheless, the general policy of interference in the internal disputes of our neighbors is thoroughly unfortunate. What could be more ironical than for our country, born of a revolution, to announce, as it appears to have, a program of opposition to all revolutionary movements in this hemisphere? Have we the right to constitute ourselves jury, judge, and executioner in the affairs of other nations? In Nicaragua, which has just been cited as a precedent for our action in Mexico, we maintained in office a government which, according to the United States admiral in charge, 80 per cent of Nicaraguans opposed.

Hands off should be our policy from now on. It may take some of our neighbors several generations to work out stable forms of government, but it is their right to do so unhindered.

When we meddle in Mexico, every other southern neighbor wonders where we will be meddling next.

"THE COMMUNITY TRUST idea is an attempt to substitute wisdom for foresight," says Newton D. Baker. How it does that is told by Fred Kelly in this issue. Mr. Baker also quotes the statement of Graham Wallas that *the measure of the civilization of any people is their capacity to co-operate*, and says:

We are able to point to the Community Trust and tell the widow with her mite that she can leave that where it will be joined up to the strength of thousands of others, and there comes to her the realization that though her single voice is too weak to be heard, her individual touch too feeble to be felt, when it is joined to the common voice and made an integer in the common strength, she too can become one of the builders of a future which will magnify the opportunities of the generations yet to be born.

Splendidly begun in Cleveland, the Community Trust idea is now well under way in New York and elsewhere.

man is a knight in the eyes of a girl, therefore they fall in love easily. After they are married the necessity for making ends meet spurs them on to accomplishments and they usually get along and are happy.

After twenty-three, young people become too wise, they pick and choose too much, they lose their romantic illusions, they are not thrilled so easily, simple pleasures do not amuse, and they become cynical, with the result that there are so many bachelors and spinsters, and—last but not least—venereal disease. Were young marriages more common, there would be more happiness, less social disease, and a better and healthier morality.

REBECCA T. ROMAN, M. D.,
New York City.

A Seer on the Age to Marry

To the Editor of Collier's:

About one hundred years ago there was born a man who later became known to the world as Andrew Jackson Davis, "The Seer of Poughkeepsie." He was a farmer lad with scant means and a very meager schooling. He began to write learned treatises in the first half of the nineteenth century, and as a result there were printed in the early '40's and late '50's five volumes from his pen, entitled "The Harmonial Phi-

losophy," than which nothing better has appeared, before or since. He was truly a seer and a deep philosopher and logician.

In Vol. IV, called "The Reformer," Davis treats of the conjugal relations in nature. These books should be read by all people, especially the last four chapters in Vol. IV, which treat especially of the marriage relation among humans. Davis teaches especially against the early marriage, giving such logical and philosophical reasons in a clear plain style that all may read and understand. He maintains that twenty-five years for the female and thirty years for the male is the proper age for marriage, and he shows that most, if not all, of our present-day troubles in human society come as a result of the violation of this rule; that we should have brighter, sturdier, happier offspring (though not so many) if these laws were obeyed universally.

SPENCER M. DEGOLIER,
Bradford, Pa.

But the flaw in this, Mr. DeGolier, is that when a healthy boy and girl of, say, twenty-three and twenty are deeply in love and eager to be married, the only book they are likely to pause for consulting is his bank book, and the reason comes out of a natural philosophy older than any seer's.

From a Woodpecker's Nest

To the Editor of Collier's:

Take this from a lifelong Republican & I am only one of many thousands in the same boat. We are tired of the kind of work Coolidge is doing. We got tired of it in 1912 and everybody knows what happened then & it is sure to happen again in 1924.

This thing of a President spending two years of his term playing rotten politics is getting on our nerves to the extent that we are ready to vote any old ticket.

When a President steps away from the masses & caters to a few & endorses such measures as Mellon's tax reduction & tries to make the common people think is for their welfare it is enough to "gag" a nest of woodpeckers. We've suffered under commonism long enough.

Then I was living in the east & was not surprised in 1912 when the people made that effort to throw off the yoke & become a free people that we read about when we read the constitution. Now the American people have gotten to the place where they will not swallow any thing that is handed to them labelled "good for all ills" hoping this will not offend any of our would be Presidents & other public servants, I am,

Bandon, Ore.

In mercy, the name of the author of this letter is withheld.

One Out of Many

To the Editor of Collier's:

As one of the great army of "The Friends Who Speed Your Mail," I wish to thank you. The conditions of which you speak have existed for the past twenty-one years that I have been a rural letter carrier, and they are growing worse year by year because of the parcel-post system. The insurance feature is ridiculously low. For the matter of three cents insurance fee, a carrier is required to drive an extra mile regardless of road conditions or amount of mail to be delivered.

JOHN L. RUNDELL, Austin, Tex.

Rouge Isn't Even Skin Deep

To the Editor of Collier's:

Collier's is always interesting, but I have been especially pleased with the Horizon symposium of letters on the modern high-school boys and girls. Youngsters of to-day are made the subjects of more mush and gush, more crabbing and criticism, than any other single group of human beings. It is only necessary to visit the high schools all over the country, as I do, and talk to thousands of them every week, to realize how false and vicious most of the charges are. There is more energy and ambition, more aspiration and achievement, more resolution and realization in the high-school boys and girls of to-day than there has ever been in my lifetime or, I think, in any other period. What if the girls do bob their hair and the youths lean toward pomatum and the saxophone? Are these the vital issues of life? Does civilization hang on such threads as these? There is nothing like a visit to any modern, progressive high school, and a contact with the buoyant youth and enthusiasm and ambition of its student body to renew one's faith in humanity and one's hope for civilization.

G. F. MORGAN,
Santa Monica, Cal.



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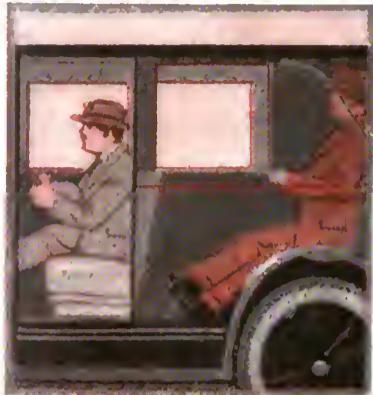
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